LOOK OUT FOR "REENIE'S BURGLAR MAN," NEXT WEEK!

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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A MAN WITHOUT A SOUL.

Wonderful Discovery of Professor Satannas---The Remarkable Case of Abel Gray and the Weird Creation of Wesley Peabody.

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Author of "A Son of Satan," "A Wooden Indian's Widow," Etc.

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CHAPTER I.
THE BOOK.

I once told the whole world what had been revealed to me concerning the sacrilegious creation of Wesley Peabody, a man without a soul, but there are details of my association with and knowledge of Peabody which I now commit to paper for the first time, and a cat and a typewriter must have a prominent place at the beginning of the strange and startling tale I now unfold.

I had thought never to refer to these matters again in a public way, and it may be that my doing so will not result in good to anyone. But I feel it a sacred and imperative duty once more to brave the world's incredulity and injustice in an attempt to warn my brothers and sisters of the family of Adam of a peril that may menace mankind to the end of time.

The typewriter was the same that stood in the room of my dead brother, Walter, with his folding bed, desk and bookcase. My brother was a frequent buyer of books, but read little. I often laughed with him over his queer little library. He ran much to gaudy covers and to striking titles. Above the typewriter, he had rigged a roll of paper which could be fed into the machine and from which he had cut off letters after he had written them. The cat had loved my brother and had never loved anyone else, not even my brother's daughter, Tennise, and it barely tolerated Erroll, my niece's affianced husband, and fostered a fighting hatred of Mr. Flam, who had been my late brother's friend and business associate, and who would have liked to marry Tennise.

Under the influence of the spirit of my departed brother, as I think, the cat had been instrumental in pounding out on the typewriter a message to the effect that Walter had made a later will than a regretted one that had favored Mr. Flam and had concealed it in a certain red razor-case, where I found it. That will, so singularly discovered, bequeathed my brother's entire fortune to Tennise.

Mr. Flam came frequently after the finding of the will in razor-case. He was an old bachelor of reputed wealth, a silent and thoughtful man who evidently had an interesting past about which he never could be beguiled into talking. He was not winning, but he was affable and he was good to the cat, sometimes trying vainly to buy its friendship with scraps of liver. He took his defeat philosophically and congratulated Tennise and Erroll, and was deeply interested when I told him of the part of the cat and the typewriter in revealing the whereabouts of the missing document. He tried to smooth the cat's back, as if to assure it that he held no grudge against it for what it had done, and the cat scratched him no less severely than painfully.

When Mr. Flam was there one evening, it was plain to me that he was half sick and as rain was falling I invited him to remain with me over night and was glad when he consented to do so. The cat flew at him as he was undressing and I seized it by the nape of the neck and cast it out into the hall, where, from time to time, it clawed my door raspingly and howled spitefully.

I was awakened about two 'clock in the morning by the clicking of the typewriter. As I flooded the room with light the cat jumped down from before the writing machine and ran to cover.

"What's the matter?" asked Flam, drowsily.

"The cat's at it again," I replied, and he cursed the cat and began to snore. His indifference put me out a bit, for the cat's latest nocturnal enterprise had upset me and I wanted to talk with Flam about it.

"And did you find any message on the paper in the machine?" Flam asked, when, while we breakfasted with Tennise, I told him what had happened.

"Not a word."

"You should have given the beast a chance," was his suggestive rejoinder, and I agreed with him that I had been precipitate.

Flam was still ailing and was easily induced to stay over another night. Late in the afternoon he took down from its place on a shelf in my late brother's bookcase a forbidding volume at whose partially uncut leaves I had only glanced apprehensively and was soon lost in an examination of its contents.

The title of the book was "Curiosities and Monstrosities of Crime." Mr. Flam studied it for hours with an interest that seemingly increased as he turned many leaves, pausing only to cut some, and thus he exposed to view pages that had never been seen even by my brother. As he read, he held a keen-edged penknife ready for use as occasion might require.

I don't know why I watched him so closely as I did. Perhaps I was wondering at what I thought was his perverted taste. But I could scarcely keep my eyes off him. Suddenly I saw the expression of interest on his face deepen to one of surprise, which, as his gaze went down the page, changed to one of dread.

He leaned over the book, his face bloodless, his eyes staring, and was as motionless as an image. How long he might have sat thus had he not been aroused suddenly and unexpectedly I do not know. But the cat had come in and, with a wild and menacing howl, it leaped upon his head and shoulders and began to puncture and tear his flesh with all of its claws.

The man sprang erect and I saw that he had added to his misery by cutting one of his fingers with the penknife. I struck the cat a blow with my fist and it sprang past me and ran limping out in the ground that surrounded the house.

When I turned again toward Ilger Flam, he was closing the book, and before he would let me do anything for him he hurriedly put the volume back in the bookcase in a manner that made me suspect that he did not want me to read in it that by which he had been so strangely moved. I would consult my own wishes about that later, I thought.

CHAPTER II.
BLOOD AND WORSE.

We had to send for our physician for Mr. Flam, and it was three days before my guest was able to leave my brother's room which the two of us had continued to occupy in company. I had the cat locked in an outhouse, and Flam, when I told him of it, thanked me for my thoughtfulness.

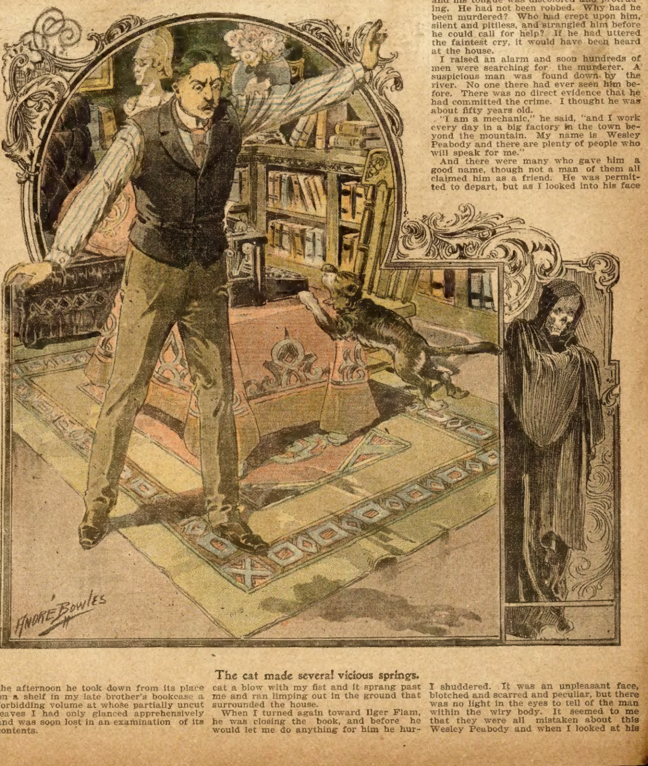
On the fourth day, just at nightfall, I left Ilger Flam sitting on a bench in a secluded part of the grounds and went into the house, where I devoted ten or fifteen minutes to a little necessary talk with Tennise. When I went out again, I found Mr. Flam lying dead on the walk near where he sat.

There was evidence of a struggle, and it was plain that the man had been choked to death, for on his throat were marks that had been made by long and strong fingers and his face was black, his eyes bulged out, and his tongue was discolored and protruding. He had not been robbed. Why had he been murdered? Who had crept upon him, silent and pitiless, and strangled him before he could call for help? If he had uttered the faintest cry, it would have been heard at the house.

I raised an alarm and soon hundreds of men were searching for the murderer. A suspicious man was found down by the river. No one there had ever seen him before. There was no direct evidence that he had committed the crime. I thought he was about fifty years old.

"I am a mechanic," he said, "and I work every day in a big factory in the town beyond the mountain. My name is Wesley Peabody and there are plenty of people who will speak for me."

And there were many who gave him a good name, though not a man of them all claimed him as a friend. He was permitted to depart, but as I looked into his face I shuddered. It was an unpleasant face, blotched and scarred and peculiar, but there was no light in the eyes to tell of the man within the wiry body. It seemed to me that they were all mistaken about this Wesley Peabody and when I looked at his



The cat made several vicious springs.

hard and bony hands and nervously twitching fingers I thought I could see Flam suffocated and dying.

On the night of the day of Ilger Flam's burial two men, walking along a lonely road about three miles from our town, saw a crouching figure creeping before them and they hid and watched it.

"Some thief," muttered one of them.

"Wait," admonished the other, "and we shall see what he is about. I have a revolver in my pocket." And he took it out and cocked it.

They saw, but were too late to prevent an awful crime. In the shadow of overhanging trees, an old woman was bending over a big bundle which she had been carrying and which she had laid down in order to rearrange its contents. The crouching man crept up behind her and she knew it not and the two watchers had no suspicion of his fell purpose. He seized the woman by the throat and bore her down to a silent and terrible death.

The man who had the revolver fired three times at the assassin and the fellow fell on his back in the road, apparently as dead as his victim, for there was a little hole in his temple.

I went to the morgue to see the corpse of the murderer and recognized it as that of the man who had said he was Wesley Peabody, and who I was now convinced beyond a doubt had killed Ilger Flam. In the morning the slab on which it had lain was tenantless. The body had disappeared, no one knew how.

That day I was called home to attend to some personal business. As I stepped onto the depot platform in my own town I saw a man half recumbent on a baggage truck and there was something about him that made me approach him and look him over closely.

"Drunk and sleeping it off," commented a baggageman. "Just a plain case of hobo and too much booze."

"My God!" I cried. "It's something more than that. It is so very much more that you would not believe me if I should tell you."

I took off the sleeping man's hat and saw a patch of court plaster on his temple. I tore off the plaster and there was the hole that had been shot into the head of the assassin I had seen dead in the morgue.

And there, before me, was the dead man alive. He sprang up with a yelp of pain as I jerked the covering from his wound and looked at me with an expression of such terrible menace that I shall never forget it. He held up his garrote-like hands and smiled, but did not attempt to touch me. Turning away, he walked with a heavy yet noiseless step across the tracks that lay before the station and was lost to sight amid a maze of freight cars in the switch yard beyond.

Surely this being was not of a specter, yet when the police sought him at my request, he was not to be found. I did not tell them why I sent them after the man, for to have done so would have been to make them doubt my sanity.

When I returned to my dead brother's old home, I did not alarm Tennise and Erroll by talking to them about the strange things that were puzzling and terrifying me. As soon as I was alone for the night in my brother's room with the desk, the bookcase, the folding bed and the typewriter, I took down the work entitled "Curiosities and Monstrosities of Crime," with a definite purpose in mind.

It was a large volume, with double-column pages in small type, like an encyclopedia, and it was no easy task for me to find between its covers the article that had so deeply and strangely interested Mr. Flam. I worked long, it seemed to me, before I came upon the leaf I sought and I knew that I had found it when I saw a speck of blood half concealed on the inner margin of the page—blood which I knew had flowed from the cut that Flam had made on one of his fingers with his penknife, when he had been attacked by the cat, on that memorable afternoon when he had been engrossed in the perusal of that same volume.

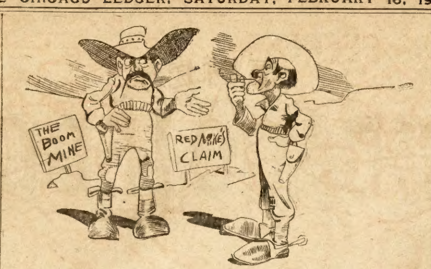
The article that Flam had read last was inviting my perusal. Nothing short of death could have kept me from reading it.

CHAPTER III.

MONSTER!

Before me in print was the name of the living dead man whose fiendish leer and cold, threatening stare had been seared upon my memory. "Wesley Peabody, the Enigma and the Murder-Terror of the Ages," was the caption under which were presented the following paragraphs, contributed to the work by Professor Samuel Nesbott Trueblood, president of the International Union for Psychical Inquiry:

"According to all accounts, Peabody originated nearly twenty years ago and Professor Primus Satannas was his creator. Within two years after the tragic death of Satannas, many frightful stranglings were perpetrated in American cities. Their perpetrator broke jail, under a death sentence, and, shot through both lobes of the brain, was left for dead in a morgue, but revived, was taken to a hospital and recovered and escaped. In the American northwest, sixteen years ago, a man sentenced to hang for strangling a family of six persons and burning their house, fell from the jail stairs, going to the gallows, breaking his skull, and apparently died. He rallied, however, and got well in two weeks and was sent to prison for life, but killed two of his guards and made his escape. In New York city, about eleven years ago, a strangler killed eight persons in two days, and, flying from the police, fell in the East river. After four days, he was taken from the water and prepared for burial, but revived and escaped. In London, England, eight years ago, a man about to be hanged for strangling seven persons, killed four guards, was adjudged insane and was put in an asylum. Attempting suicide, he severed his jugular vein. His wound bled but little and soon healed. He fought six guards, killed two, and escaped. At Madrid, Spain, seven years ago, a strangler of nine persons was garroted and revived within an hour and was soon well. He was imprisoned, but escaped. After that a strangler killed several victims in European cities and escaped from officers in Berlin after his leg had been broken and he had been shot in the right lung and was not recaptured. Some years ago, a man who had strangled two lonely women in a southern state was thought to have been shot to death and was buried. Two days later, exhumed for identification, he was alive and his threatening appearance was so terrifying that no one prevented his escape. In a western state, a year ago, an assassin was hanged for strangling two persons, and after twelve hours his heart and pulse beat and he was cut down and jailed, but escaped before his unprecedented case could be disposed of.



Chilkoot—So you love Miss Klondike and wish to marry her?
Dawson—Yes; I want her mine.

"Investigation proves that all these cruel murders were done by Wesley Peabody. His victims were men, women and children whom he surprised in lonely houses and places when no help was near, getting their necks in his long, hard and muscular fingers before they knew of their perils. He is charged with other revolting crimes. His miraculous preservation is one of the wonders of the age and can be accounted for only on the theory of Satannas. It has been suggested that there were defects in the machinery with which his legal extermination was attempted. That is scarcely probable and if true does not explain his being proof against gun ad knife wounds that would have been fatal to any other man that ever lived.

"Death is the separation of the soul from the body. Soul and intellect are not identical or inseperable. The one may be cultivated, the other neglected. Soul cultivation makes a man good, mind cultivation makes him learned, and the harmonious cultivation of soul and intellect tends to manly perfection. The soul is an arbiter of good and bad which God gave to man to direct and govern the intellect. The soul is of God, the mind is of earth. Once taken away, the soul could not be returned to the body. If a dead body could be restored to vitality it is not impossible that he might retain his mind and its cultivation in all except spirituality and a knowledge of his own identity and of his previous existence. These things are of the soul. He would perhaps be not less brilliant and accomplished than before his death, but he would undoubtedly be destitute of the capacity to distinguish good from evil. However good a man may have been, his mind now, under bad influences, would lead him into wicked ways, and he would be exceedingly susceptible to hypnotic influences. In his new existence, the inclinations first acquired would be likely to dominate later influences. Hence, under influences sufficiently bad and sufficiently potent, he might develop into a monster of vice and crime like Wesley Peabody. Having died once, a man would not die again in the accepted meaning of death, but it is inconceivable that his human organism could survive through all time, for all merely physical things are subject to destruction of their present forms. If the accounts of Wesley Peabody that have been published are true, and they seem to be authentic, he would, at first thought, appear to be an exception to this rule, but it must be that, in God's own good way and time, this menace to mankind will be made powerless. Let us pray that it may be so.

"Professor Satannas has much to answer for."

CHAPTER IV.

HAUNTED.

When I had read what the writer in the book called "Curiosities and Monstrosities of Crime" had recorded concerning the truly remarkable case of Wesley Peabody, I was far from comprehending Peabody's origin and awful career; but that he was able to defy death in almost any imaginable form I could not doubt. Had I not seen him alive and apparently well after he to all seeming succumbed to a wound that would have ended the earthly existence of any other being in human shape that had ever lived?

While I was still bent over the telltale yet baffling paragraphs, I became aware that that the cat was in the room. It did not like me, but it never attacked me and it did not even so much as spit at me except when I attempted to caress it. I had been compelled to handle it roughly on more than one occasion and I believed it was a little afraid of me.

It lay down on the chair before the typewriter, where I had often seen it waiting tirelessly through hours long drawn out for that presence which had given it so much pleasure, but which, so far as I could judge from the animal's look of patient expectancy, had never materialized there since the night of the revelation of the hiding place of my dead brother's last will and testament.

I put the book back in its place, and, sinking into the big leather covered armchair, sat and watched the cat curiously, partly because I had nothing else to do, partly because the queer doings in which it had been mixed up had made it an object of weird interest to me.

At length the cat went to sleep and not long afterward I grew drowsy and drifted away into the land of dreams. Hours passed before I awoke. Evening was falling, and, as a storm was coming, it was almost dark in the room. It was the cat that awakened me. The first thing I realized clearly was that the animal was fighting something. I got on my feet and saw it dimly as it followed up some hated thing that was to me invisible, scratching and biting and hissing and defiantly sounding the discordant war cry of its kind.

Keeping out of the cat's reach, I managed to light the room. The enraged animal paid no more heed to me than if I had not been there. I yelled to it as savagely as I was able. I stamped on the floor with my feet singly and together until the whole room seemed to tremble. I even kicked at the cat furiously, but it did not once look at me and did not abate one whit in its savage and apparently aimless warfare.

The cat made several vicious springs, as if at the face of a man, then sank on the floor, trembling nervously and looking round the room in evident surprise, and I was forced to believe either that its antagonist had gone from its view or that its hallucination was ended.

Almost every day for two weeks this scene was repeated with but slight variation. Is it strange that I waited impatiently for the oft-recurring conflict and studied it minutely and with reference to the future? I might have kept the cat out of the room by shutting it up as I had done after its desperate attack on Mr. Flam, but I did not want to do that. I said nothing of the animal's strange performances to Tennise or Erroll, for I did not want to mar their happiness and was determined to watch the cat's conduct closely and note carefully all developments of what some people would have called its mania.

But I saw to it that the cat did not get into the room at night. I was nervous and needed regular sleep and I confess that I dreaded what might have occurred in the dead hours had I permitted the cat to remain in the room with the typewriter.

On a certain day, as I watched the cat's attempt to worst its, to me invisible, enemy, I saw that they were more feeble and less persistent than they had been. There had never been any indication that anything was offering aggressive battle to the cat. The cat had never retreated or even fallen back, as it must inevitably have done sometimes had it been hard pressed. It had always forced the fighting and had never desisted in its attack until it had become evident, logically, that the object of its hatred had passed beyond its reach. At the same time it had never appeared that the cat had driven its intended victim from the field. On the contrary, the mysterious thing, whatever it was, seemed to be gaining in power and the cat was surely weakening little by little.

In a month, the cat had ceased to attack. It snarled and thretened and slunk into corners and lay with its head protruding from places of partial concealment and seemed to be watching something in sullen rage. I noticed that it often fastened its big yellow eyes on a chair that stood beside the bookcase, as if menacing someone who was sitting there. Sometimes I would go to the chair and throw myself into it, and then the cat's eyes would apparently follow something that went over to a dusky corner behind the desk.

It would lie and watch that spot for hours, then spring up and run about the room as if searching for someone who had gone. Sometimes it would lie in its old place before the typewriter until it was seemingly driven from the chair, which it never vacated without growling and spitting and looking back angrily as it went reluctantly to some distant spot, where it crouched and watched until its sudden lack of interest indicated to my understanding that the object of its espionage was gone. If I went to the typewriter after the cat had thus left the chair before it, the animal would sometimes center its attention on the chair I had vacated or on the one in the gloom back of the desk.

One dismal day, when the cat had long been sleeping on the desk, I distinctly saw it dragged off and cast upon the floor, where, now, wide awake, it growled at something that was tugging at the loose skin on its neck, but though it was evidently greatly angered and excited, it did not show fight. If any hand grasped it, I did not see the hand and not the smallest part of the cat's neck was hidden from my view.

The next afternoon I went out to mail a letter, leaving the cat asleep in a corner. As I entered the hall on my return, I heard the cat howling in loud protest and on opening the door of the room of my dead brother, now temporarily my own, I beheld the animal being hauled across the floor toward the typewriter. The cat broke away from whatever held it and ran between my feet, almost throwing me off my balance, and escaped to another part of the house.

The Small of the Back

That is where some people feel weak all the time.

They are likely to be despondent and it is not unusual to find them borrowing trouble as if they hadn't enough already.

The fact is their kidneys are weak, either naturally or because of sickness, exposure, worry or other influences.

"I am thankful to say," writes J. L. Campbell, of Sycamore, Ill., "that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me. For many years I was troubled with backache. At times I was so bad I had to be helped from the bed or chair. I am now well and strong and free from pain." What this great medicine did for him it has done for others.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. Begin treatment with Hood's today.

In a few days I had ceased to ask myself what such manifestations meant, for I thought I knew. If that other to me invisible presence that had so delighted the cat was the spirit of my dead brother, Walter, and I was done with questioning that it was, this other presence that inspired the beast with so much rage and was slowly but surely conquering it was the spirit of Ilger Flam. I believed my departed brother had utilized the cat and the typewriter to send a message from the world beyond the grave and I could not doubt that Flam, also dead, was trying by the same means to send another. Was I getting superstitious?

This story, which is one of the most weird and extraordinary ever published in the Ledger, will be continued next week. Hundreds are sending in each week for our free cameras and patterns. See our announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Lack of Hospitality.

A man may do his best to entertain his guests, but if the mistress of the house is not cordial and agreeable his attempts are a failure. I remember how mortified a friend of mine once was, on taking an acquaintance unexpectedly home to dinner, at his wife's undisguised displeasure. She was not "prepared" for company, and plainly showed her discomfiture.

What a pity that she did not better comprehend that that guest, who was surrounded with wealth and all the luxuries it brings, cared more for the friendly greeting and the manner of his reception than for all the dainties that could have been placed before him. It was kind in her to desire to entertain her husband's friend sumptuously, but sad that she could not have understood that the hearty welcome, gracefully and easily given, would have compensated in a great measure for any lack in the material wants of his nature.

Instead of going to welcome him with a smile that could have spoken volumes of her heart's interest in her husband and all whom he chose to honor, she went sullenly into the kitchen, and there ordered the servants to do the best they could, and absented herself from the head of the table when the meal was prepared. Consequently, the guest went away dissatisfied, feeling a profound pity for his friend.

Why is it that we are all so anxious, rich and poor, to put forward that which, it is true, cannot be disregarded, the material comforts of life, while we seek to smother the hospitable welcome, the cordial look, and the press of the hand, which is so welcome? Even the bread and cheese, seasoned with polite kindness, is an acceptable meal. R. S. H.

More Mud-Slinging.

She (during the tiff)—Man was made of dust, you will remember, but woman was not.

He—That's right. If you were made of dust you'd dry up once in a while.

No Secrets Allowed.

Mrs. Watts—How did your husband vote, Mrs. Peck?

Mrs. N. Peck—He didn't vote at all, and he wont. I haven't allowed him to vote since the secret ballot came into fashion.

Round-About Benefit.

"Are you enjoying these prosperous times?"

"Yes; I'm not making any more money myself, but there seems to be fewer men around borrowing money of me."

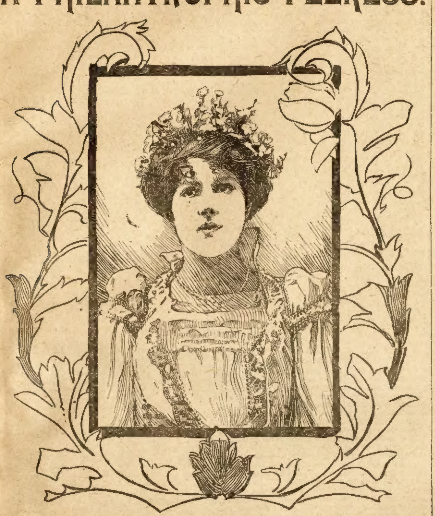
She Was Speaking.

Nurse Girl—I lost track of the child, mum, and——

"Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?

Nurse Girl—I wuz speaking to wan all the toime, mum.

A PHILANTROPHIC PEERESS.



Countess of Shaftesbury.

One of the most fashionable weddings which took place in London last year was that of the Lady Constance Sibell Grosvenor, granddaughter of the late Duke of Westminster, to Anthonoy, ninth earl of Shaftburg. The Lady Constance, in her bridal robes, which were garnished with lace given by Queen Victoria, aroused an unusual enthusiasm among the blase Londoners by her girlish beauty. Her jewels and wedding gifts quite outshone those of any other bride of that season. Her grandfather, the duke, gave her away; royalty occupied the front pews, and the young gentleman who was united to her at the altar represented one of the most famous and wealthy families in England.

Although generously dowered by her grandfather, pretty Lady Constance became a far richer woman by her marriage with the young earl. He has made her the mistress of Belfast Castle in Ireland, a superb country seat, and of a not less pretentious home in England—St. Giles House, in Dorset. While wealth and beauty and ancient lineage contributed greatly to the romantic circumstances of this wedding, the youth of both the earl and his fair countess lent great charm to the occasion. The earl is but turned of twenty-five; his countess has just passed out of her teens, and the very guilless expression in her large dark eyes gives her a peculiarly girlish appearance.

The honeymoon and the first year of their marriage has been spent at St. Giles, which is justly regarded as the most perfect estate in England. Here the famous philanthropic Earl of Shaftsbury built the first model village for his tenantry, and here hangs the portrait of the first Earl of Shaftsbury, to whom the English speaking people owe the habeas corpus act. Since the time of the seventh earl, however, the countess of Shaftsbury have chiefly devoted their energies to philanthropic work, and the present countess has been entirely occupied since her marriage in aiding her husband in further improving both their Irish and English estates. At St. Giles the countess has established a poultry farm and green house, where the sons and daughters of her tenants can study to become professional florists and learn how to raise fowls at a profit for the great city markets. The gaieties of London hold no special attractions for this pretty young woman, who, by the way, was the late Duke of Westminster's favorite grandchild.

How Chinese Advertise.

A noticeable feature of the China newspapers is the "exuberant verbosity" of their advertisements. This is due to cheap advertising rates, as well as to the flowery language of the kingdom. All sorts of communications get into the papers, but the business system of Chinese editors is so admirable that instead of airing private and public grievances in "letters to the editor," they are inserted in the advertising columns, and thus help the editor to get an honest living.

An announcement inserted by a jilted swain whose lady-love eloped with Chou Ling, closes with these heartfelt words:

"I cannot control my wrath and bitterness. My loved one has, it is plain, been enticed away by this rascal's deceit. How, I wonder, can a mere tailor's dummy like this succeed in winning her? Surely he has not the law or justice before his eyes. It is on this account that I am advertising. Should any kind-hearted gentleman give me information or her whereabouts by letter, I will reward him with $20; should he bring her back to her parents, I will joyfully give him $40. I will most certainly not eat my words. His kindness and benevolence for a myriad generations, to all eternity, shall not be forgotten."

A mother writes to a son who has run away from home:

"If you delay longer and do not return, I cannot, cannot bear it, and shall most surely seek an end to my life, and then you will stand in peril of death by thunder. I am now at my last gasp, and the family has suffered from insults most grievous. If you come, no matter how, everything is sure to be arranged. I have thought of a plan by which your father may still be kept in ignorance. My life or death hangs on the issue of these few days. Only I pray that all good people everywhere will spread this message abroad, so that the right person may hear of it. So will they lay up for themselves a boundless store of secret merit."

Another advertisement for a missing son says:

"My second son, Huai Po, a boy of tender years and no parts, was educated at home in the country, and had no knowledge of the world. Even when we came to Shanghai last year he stayed indoors learning his lessons, and never left the house until Sept. 26, when he went out to get cool, and never returned. I ought to say that the boy was altogether unacquainted with the customs of Shanghai and the character of the people, and I presume he has been decoyed away by rascals for some bad purpose. The gold charms he was wearing and the silver he had about him will not, I am afraid, be sufficient for his necessities; on the contrary, he will be borrowing money or doing something of the kind. In that case I will not hold myself liable. Should any of my relatives or friends see him I earnestly hope they will command him to return at once, and so will they earn my gratitude. But I shall pay no monetary reward."

Truly Loyal.

Flushman—I have an idea that you would not want to marry my daughter if she had no money.

Suitor—Well, I am ready to show you. Make her money over to me and we'll go right on with the wedding.

Not Hopeless.

First Theosopist—I'm afraid you're a pessimist.

Second Theosopist—Oh, no! I don't see much outlook for the next 10,000 years or so; but, after that, I think things may pick up.

His Superstition.

Hicks—Do you believe that it is unlucky to postpone a wedding?"

Wicks—Yes; when the young man needs money, and the girl is rich.

They'll Come.

"It's lonesome here this evening. I wish some of the neighbors would come in."

"I'll just lie down on the couch for a nap; that'll fetch 'em."

No man ever expects his wife to make as many mistakes as he does.

REBUKE.

The world is old and the world is cold,
  And never a day is fair, I said.
Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
  The green leaves rustled above my head,
    And the sea was a sea of gold.

The world is cruel, I said again;
  Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear
And the nights are dreary and full of pain.
  Out of the darkness, sweet and clear,
    There rippled a tender strain;

Rippled a song of a bird asleep,
  That sang in a dream of the budding wood,
Of shining fields where the reapers reap,
  Of a wee brown mate and a nestling brood
    And the grass where the berries peep.

The world is false, though the world be fair,
  And never a heart is pure, I said.
And lo! the clinging of white arms bare,
  The innocent lisp of a childish prayer,
    And the lisp of a childish prayer.

AN ALTERED SCENE.

BY GEORGE KNIGHT.

James Dunn, lessee and manager of the Pearl theater, sat back in his chair and surveyed his reflection in the mirror over the mantelpiece.

"It's no good, James Dunn," he remarked, shaking his pencil at the image in the glass, which naturally did likewise. "The plain truth is that you are too old for the part—and 'part' in this instance signifies a multitude of duties. It makes you wince to confess that you are on the wrong side of fifty and not so able-bodied as you used to be, but you've got to confess it!"

He shook his head at his reflection and nibbled the end of his pencil for a few moments.

"Yes," he sighed, "I must have some help. I am no longer able to be lessee, stage manager, actor, and general help. In a little place like this, the public are not so exacting as in a big town, but when the pit and gallery begin to chaff you because a twinge of rheumatism makes you draw up your leg when you are lying dead on the stage—when they tell you that you can't make up young enough for the gallant knight, then it's time to alter things or the show wont pay. I must get a young fellow to do some of the business.

"I'll insert a judicious advertisement. What shall I say? 'Wanted, a young man that can do everything,' would about suit, but that's a trifle broad. But I've always been lucky enough to fall on my feet, so I suppose I shall get through it all right. Oh, come in!"

The interruption appeared inopportune, but the letter which was handed to him could not have come at a better moment.

"Is he waiting?" he asked the boy. "Yes? Well, show him in."

A young man about twenty-seven was shown in a couple of minutes later. Tall, well-built, a face that, in respct of good looks, would not have taken a high place, but which showed intelligence and will. He was clean-shaven and not over-dressed. The most noticeable thing about him was that from his dark eyes there came occasionally a gleam of light which seemed to thrill and fascinate you.

"So you are Jack Dawson's son, eh? And you wish to know if I can help you into a situation? My boy, honestly you look as if you wanted one. Sit down there and talk."

Arthur Dawson obeyed but he did not do all the talking and in the end he was engaged as assistant to the lessee and manager of the Pearl theater.

"I fancy you'll succeed," said Dunn. "You'll have to do something of everything and mind, you must understudy the men's parts, so that you can take up one or other if any actor falls ill!"

Dawson entered upon his duties at once. His coming was viewed with considerable disfavor by the chief actors and actresses, but his kindly, unobtrusive manner, his genial smile and willingness to be useful, and especially the expression in his eyes soon changed all that, and within a week he had acquired as firm a position as many another would have gained in a year.

He showed ability, too. He seemed to be able to learn the lines without difficulty, and he adapted himself with facility to all the small parts which fell to his lot—soldier, courtier, walking gentleman, policeman, footman, and what not, all came easy to him.

The leading actor, who sometimes was not so ready with his part as he ought to have been, accepted Dawson's "prompt" with condescension; the leading lady bestowed a soft glance upon him as a reward for little attentions paid to her comfort, and the second lady—who had none of the proud, haughty bearing of her sister actress—thanked him very sweetly for what he did.

Dawson had not been in his post for more than a month when a disturbing element arose. The star, as the leading man was generally called, began to think that Dawson was seeking an opportunity to show that he could play the part which he was understudying better than the star himself; and although his pride revolted at the thought that the young fellow could ever be as good an actor as he, yet he felt an occasional qualm of uneasiness, and turned against Dawson.

Miss Maggie Adair, the leading lady, continued to reward Dawson with a friendly smile until he answered that smile with one of those thrilling glances, then she drew herself up and murmured about "presumption."

Dawson merely smiled cynically when he discovered that he had offended the leading man, but when Miss Adair returned his glance with a cold stare and passed him without a word, he started and turned pale.

There was one person in the company who had noticed this incident between the stage manager, as he was now generally styled, and the leading lady, and it was not the only thing she had noticed. Florence Graves, the second lady, had observed that Dawson was more solicitous about Miss Adair than about any one else in the theater; it could not exactly be said that he went out of his way and showed undue favoritism, but her keen eyes detected a fact which seemed to have escaped the attention of everyone else, even Miss Adair herself. And when she awoke to this knowledge, Florence Graves went home and wept, asking herself why some despise a love which others crave and cannot get.

"Can't quite make out what has come over Dawson lately," mused Mr. James Dunn one evening, as he sipped at the contents of a glass just previous to going to bed. "He does the work all right, but he seems to be quieter than when he began. I suppose it was the newness of the thing that made him brighter at first, and now that he has settled down to it, he goes about in a more matter-of-fact way. Yes, that must be it. His father was just as cool and it used to be said of him that it would take a strong charge of gunpowder to wake him up. On the same principle, the son would require nitro-glycerine!" and with a smile, the lessee went to bed satisfied.

As the weeks passed by, matters developed. Dawson's kindliness to every one with whom he came in contact increased rather than diminished; he had a pleasant smile for the old and the weak, he would talk pleasantly to the children who played outside the theater, and seemed to carry a sunbeam with him wherever he went, yet his face was always grave.

Only two people paid any heed to this; the lessee believed it to be the reflection of a cold nature and forgot that it did not accord with Dawson's warm heart, while Florence Graves felt a pang every time she saw it and remembered that it was the indication of unrequited love.

Miss Adair, to demonstrate her appreciation of Dawson's presumption, bestowed her smiles upon Mason, the leading man, with whom in the ordinary course of business, she had to act the part of wife or sweetheart.

She would probably have been unable to explain why she had decided to "punish" Dawson by bestowing her favors upon a man for whom it had not occurred to her previously to entertain any affection; hers was one of those natures which act perversely at the slightest provocation and land the woman into the slough of misery, unless they are awakened by some act of devotion, of sacrifice—or by jealousy. For when the prize seems to be going to another they desire to have it, and are awakened to a knowledge of their real feelings.

Mr. Mason showed his appreciation of the course of events by returning Miss Adair's smiles and by making advances on his side, and in two or three weeks it came to be understood by the company generally that the couple would become man and wife. And in the meantime Dawson's face became even more grave and Florence betrayed more nervous irritation in a week than she had previously shown in a whole year.

Whether Dawson was really waiting for his chance to take the place of the star for a night or two, and prove his ability, the opportunity was long in coming. Mason was in the best of health, apparently, and was in his place every evening, although to the keen eye of the stage manager he was not always in good form.

A new play was produced. One of the chief incidents of the piece was a dialogue between two sisters; the younger alternately pleaded with and upbraided the other for her conduct toward a man whom she regarded as a traitor to a man with whom he pretended to be on good terms. The first man was envious of the other's position and of the fact that he was winning the affection of the elder sister; he was trying to supplant his "friend" in both ways—that was the notion that possessed the mind of the elder sister.

The younger sister believed that the elder was entirely mistaken, and was giving her love to a man who was not worthy of it.

The part of the supposedly treacherous friend was the chief male role in the play and was naturally assigned to Mason. The female parts were both good, which rather displeased Miss Adair; she had her choice and fixed upon the younger sister, but the play did not go well in rehearsal and the parts were changed, Florence Graves becoming the younger sister.

The author had to add more "fat" to the part of the elder sister in order to gratify the leading lady. Then the piece went well, and Mr. Dunn looked foward to a successful and lengthy run.

The play was a decided success, but its result was not satisfactory to the leading lady and gentleman; for the critics praised Florence Graves more than any one else.

They said that her acting was real, that she played her part to perfection —especially in the dialogue, and that she was destined to have a career.

Miss Adair blamed herself for not having keep that part, and she begged to experience a feeling toward Miss Graves that threatened to develop into hate; this feeling of jealousy, for that was its real character, deepened when she observed that Florence made open advances to Arthur Dawson—unmaidenly advances, as she styled them. True, she had snubbed the man herself, but she did not like the turn things were taking; Florence was deliberately trying to win Dawson, and he seemed willing to yield.

Miss Adair's bearing toward Dawson became more frigid than ever, but he never varied in his manner toward her—always the same coldly polite deferential style, al-

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Between Siren and Saint.

Story of a Secret Marriage---In Fate's Tangling Cords---A Double Love and a Single Fate.

By ELLEN FRIZELL WYCKOFF.

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CHAPTER III.

A "DO' STEP BABY.

On summer nights the window among the elm branches was rarely closed, and tonight Miss Marcia Willis, the gentle little mistress of the great house, closed the door, never knowing that a pair of watching eyes were hidden in the sheltering elm.

She was very tired and she dropped into a great easy chair and leaned wearily back. Presently Nervie, the tall, black-faced maid, came softly to her.

"I'm too tired to go to sleep, Nervie. Brush my hair, please, just as I am. Perhaps that will quiet my nerves," Miss Marcia said. And Nervie let down the soft wave of gray-streaked hair and began to brush it gently.

"It's been too much for you, Miss Marcia. The getting ready and all," the woman said, as she passed her magnetic hands over the aching head.

"And Nervie," said Miss Marcia, under the pleasant influence of the negro's touch, "it is a relief—such a relief!"

"I know 'tis, honey, chile. Miss Rose done took the bit in her teeth and nobody could manage her. I tell you, Miss Marcia, I don't know what that mile mannered man's going to do with her. There's young marse——"

"Yes, I know, Nervie, but let the past go. We must not remember what ought to be forgotten. Nervie, what is that Turn up the light. Why, Nervie!" The little woman was standing beside the bed on which a tiny baby squirmed and cried and wrinkled up its red face.

"Somebody has forgotten a baby! Who brought one, Nervie?"

"Nobody, Miss Marcia; not a solitary soul. There was no baby brought to the wedding," said Nervie, with bulging eyes.

"But one is here," Miss Marcia persisted.

"It ain't fixed up for a weddin', though, Miss Marcia, it's a do' step baby!"

Miss Marcia sank into the chair again. Nervie went on speaking with convictions: "Somebody left it here, for the good book says that a mother may forget her little chile, and this one has. Yes, Miss Marcia, we done got a do' step baby!"

"Poor, poor little thing! Bring something, Nervie, and feed it; make haste; it seems half starved and there is the smell of medicine—the child has been drugged! Oh, Nervie, what are we to do with it?"

But the mother heart was warm and true in the breast of the little old maid and when Nervie could not answer she found a fund of unsuspected knowledge here. She began to know what was right to do. She gathered the miserable little mite in her arms. She bathed it and fed it and wrapped it in soft clothing and then, still wearing her gray silk evening gown, she hushed it to sleep in her arms with its head lying on her breast, and the baby had crept softly and silently into the great empty chamber that belongs to every childless woman's heart. It had crept in and nestled down and mother love had been awakened and shone in Miss Marcia's steadfast eyes.

"Nervie," she said, when the child slept, "if this isn't a forgotten baby, if no one claims it, I am going to keep it for my own."

"Second thoughts air best, Miss Marcia. Wait. Bad blood gits into families that way, sometimes," Nervie warned her.

"Sometimes, yes; but there are other ways, too, Nervie, as we have had cause to know. I shall risk it. If nobody calls for the child she is mine by right of discovery."

"Curious they brought her to this room, 'way up here. I can't see how they got in. She's a well lookin' child."

Miss Marcia was conscious of a thrill of pride as the woman spoke of the baby's looks. They examined the room, the house, the grounds. There was nothing anywhere to give the slightest clew. The storks might have brought the baby in veritable German fashion, or the fairies might have come through the window and laid it on Miss Marcia's bed. It was there. How it came to be there was a mystery.

"I don't suppose we shall ever know, Nervie, and it is just as well. If people wanted to abandon the child it could not help matters to know who the people are nor what their reasons were. I shall take care of the child, for my duty as far as that is very clear to me.

"I don't want people to know that the child is a foundling, if it is that; we must fall upon some plan, you and I, Nervie, to keep the servants from knowing. Of course, I can rely upon you to help me, since I am convinced that we are doing what is right."

Miss Marcie smiled in her own gently compelling way and Nervie's black face shone.

"Miss Marcia," she said, slowly, "I hain't never had much time for these do' step babies, but what you tell me to do I shall certainly mind. But it's going to take management, a lot of good management, 'cause these niggers air all eyes and ears. Being one of 'em, I show knows."

Miss Marcia smiled quietly. "Not quite, Nervie, not quite all eyes and ears, else some of you would have seen the person who brought the baby. I think you may go now and tell Peter that we will start for Clovernook at four o'clock. That leaves us a few moments to rest. Tell him to have the closed carriage ready. There need be no explanation to the servants. Annie may say to friends who call that I am resting in the country. That will do."

Slowly, like a shadow, a man let himself down from the limbs of the elm tree. For a little while he lay upon the sweet, damp grass, and then, gathering up his traveling case, he moved slowly toward the gate he had entered a few hours before.

"That was a singular adventure, to be sure. Clovernook! Ah, baby, you are a lucky little devil, after all. I wish I knew where you came from, anyway. I shall now and then take a peep at your life. That old elm was equal to the Talking Oak of the fairy tales. Nobody knew that it had ears and eyes tonight. That fellow, Scott—I want to keep an eye on him. Dare say I may find him in town."

The vagabond moved on to the railway station. Several trains were about to go out. He joined the group of sleepy looking people and watched the hurrying passengers. Presently two men came in. One was fair and loud-voiced and now and then he scribbled hurriedly in a note-book.

The vagabond watched him from under lowered lids. He listened, too, when the young man spoke, and, turning away, bought a ticket and followed the fair man out to the cars.

It was not difficult to secure the seat he wanted. The fair man and his companion were just in front and the fair man was talking as if the sound of his own voice was dear to him.

"You know," he was saying, "that I am ambitious. I want to please old Clipper and get promoted. Now, a sensation is as the breath of old Clipper's nostrils. He has intimated his belief in my nose for news. I want to work this thing up. Why, it's a regular windfall, a magnificent find!"

"But," reasoned the mild-mannered man with glasses, " I understand that they are people in high life. Why, you'd hardly dare, Scott, too——"

Scott laughed long and loud. "You are the regular snobbish Britisher, Bandy. You'll never get used to our democratic ways! What tid bit is so dear to great world's palate as a dish of society gossip highly seasoned with scandal? A sensation in high life. A peep beyond society's back ground. The daring escapades of a southern beauty! Such head lines! Why, man alive, it'll make me!"

"And yet you refrained from writing up the western adventure," said the mild-mannered youth, quietly.

"Yes," administered the other, "that was different, standing alone. But connected with this—why, I'd never have the heart to cheat the reading public out of so good a thing. I intend to invesigate the thing. A bit of detective work is not bad," he laughed again.

"Only," put in the youth with glasses, "is it your affair?"

"All is grist that comes to my mill, Bandy, boy. Isn't that fair? I'm greatly interested. It will pay me. Why not try?"

"What will you do first?" The newspaper man went over the story, carefully putting two and two together. The young man listened, and neither of them gave thought to the sleeping vagabond in the seat behind them.

"And you'll have photographs and color the affair up and I predict that you'll get into no end of a row. These are not the people to fool with. That quiet doctor and the rich old uncle—better look somewhere else for fame and fortune," Bandy advised. Scott laughed again.

"Come round to the Central—let's see—well, in two weeks I shall be there. Come round and I'll tell you how I'm progressing. I'm going first to Berkley. My notion is that I shall learn a thing or two there. It would be a fine thing if I discover my lady, Jasper." He laughed, tucked his valise under his head, and was soon fast asleep. His companion followed his example and the vagabond sat up and leaning forward examined the face of the fair man. He looked carefully at his clothes and his hands and at the name printed on the tag that dangled from the handle of the valise. "Philander Scott."

"We may meet again, Mr. Scott," he said, smiling, as he huddled again in a corner of the seat.

The gray light of the early summer morning crept across the hills and shone upon them through the car windows—the two, the handsome vagabond and the frank-faced newspaper reporter. They were asleep now, dreaming like children, one perhaps of a world of men and women gazing at his pictures and the other——

CHAPTER IV.

'WAY DOWN IN GEORGIA.

It was a queer, pointed cottage at the end of a long avenue of Lombardy poplars. Clustered about were curiously cut evergreens and an oddly clipped hedge enclosed the place. From the cottage the crooked road twisted around a shady bit of woodland and turned in toward the old ivy-covered church. The path between the cottage and the church was well worn as if there might be much passing back and forth.

Farther on lay the sleepy little southern village and beyond that the ocean shone and glimmered where its green waters met the faint blue of the sky.

At the cottage gate tall altheas were growing. The pointed poplars threw long, sharp shadows across the grass toward the east. The sun was low in the west. A girl, dainty and sweet as an apple blossom, stood in the open gateway. Her blue eyes were ashine and the pink on her dainty cheek came and went. She was smiling and holding out welcoming hands, her flowers had fallen to the grass and lay in a fragrant heap against the hem of the soft white gown. And coming toward her, hat in hand, smiling and radiant, was a man—a young man with a fine, graceful figure and the face of a Greek god. The sunshine caught lovingly at his crisp brown curls.

"Allie, Allie, is it really you?" There was a catch in her voice and she laughed in a soft, gurgling way like a glad child.

"I feel quite sure of as much as that," he said, coming quickly toward her, "but this—who is this young woman who is meeting me when I used to find only pretty Margery Wade?" he smiled, and took the extended hands. "I left you in short skirts and a Chinese cue and I find you—like this!"

She blushed prettily. "Well, you see Aunt Rhoda strongly objected to the short skirts. I grew straight up out of them so! And the cue—isn't this better?"

"Decidedly!" and he looked with distinct approval at the pile of dainty puffs that crowned her head. Here and there the breeze found a stray yellow curl, and there was a crimson rose like a great ruby half hidden in gold.

"And are you glad to see me, Margery?"

"Yes," she said, the color fluttering from her cheek. "Yes; I am glad. Until now I haven't known how long it has been."

"Then you didn't quite forget me? You thought I'd be coming, didn't you?"

"I hoped so," she answered, simply, and he looked quickly at the flushed face and darkened blue eyes.

"Then you wanted me to come? His face was very near to hers now, and her eyes drooped before she took in his. She drew her hands away and caught her breath sharply. Then she stepped back and raised very slowly, a woman's proud face to his. The child look was gone forever. It was a woman, under the shelter of woman's pride that stood before him.

"Why, yes," she answered, quietly. "It is like the old student days. Only you are greatly changed. Come in, my father will be glad to see you—glad to hear all about Mr. Dane and Larry Brown and yourself. Where have you been since you left us?"

He laughed. It was so curious to have seen the change.

"Shall I tell about myself first, or Larry or Dane? The old man is the most worth while. He's married—swell affair—and gone to Europe. You don't care, do you?"

"Very much, yes. And Larry?"

"I'm afraid he isn't faring so well—out west, you know."

"And that brings us to yourself," she smiled. "I think you are neither married nor out west. Six years is a long, long time. I was only fourteen that last year. What have you been doing all the six years?"

"You don't want to be shocked and horrified and made ashamed of your friend, do you? Suppose we let the six years go and begin at the place we left off."

She put out her hand in playful protest and the sunlight flashed on the setting of a ring that she wore. He caught her hand, his face paling a little.

"Where did you get it, Margery, the ring? Have you a sweetheart, after all?" He laughed nervously.

"No; where should I have found a sweetheart?"

"Perhaps one found you. But tell me, about the ring, please."

"Why?"

"Because I have seen one like it—is it a secret?"

"By no means." She held out her hand and the beautiful emerald flashed and sparkled. The stone was curiously set in a rim of diamonds.

"In the spring while I was teaching away from home, a lady was ill at Mrs. Twigg's little boarding house on the beach. Father and Aunt Rhoda went to see her. There was a little baby and Aunt Rhoda found ways to be kind. When the lady went away she gave the ring to Aunt Rhoda. It was in April, I think."

"What was the lady's name?"

"It was Mrs. Jasper."

The man's lips closed firmly beneath his brown mustache.

"So after all there is neither mystery nor romance connected with it. It is pretty and a valuable one, too, I should say."

"It is beginning to attract attention. We had a visitor yesterday who asked me to let him examine it."

"Who was the visitor?"

"A newspaper man—Mr. Scott. He came to look up some names in the old grave yard. Father sent me to show him the oldest. He was greatly pleased. His people belonged to Georgia, I think, and he seemed quite at home. He brought letters of introduction. It was quite an event; we are so buried from the world."

They were walking now, very slowly, toward the open door of the cottage.

"You will find father changed. He is older, frailer; sometimes he sad and his eyes follow me so. You know I've never had anyone but father."

"Yes, I know." He reached out and taking her hand drew it through his arm. It fluttered on his sleeve like a frightened bird and they were silent until he stopped in the shadow of one of the quaintly cut evergreens.

"I haven't been good, Margery," he said, bluntly.

"No one is good, always," she replied.

He looked at the sweet white face with its great, bursting eyes and smiled grimly.

"You were so safe here in this forgotten corner, so safe," he said.

"And sometimes so lonely," she smiled softly.

"And now?" He bent his handsome head and caught the hot red flush as she turned her pretty face away.

For the two natures were at war within him, and the evil by much exercise was the stronger. It was so easy to read the shy, sweet face, so easy to know that she had not forgotten her boy sweetheart, that she had been waiting.

There came to him a vision of what might have been if he had not gone from under the pure influence of his old tutor's simple home, gone back into the old life of temptation and self-indulgence, back to his friend from whom he had been separated.

It was growing later and still they went slowly toward the house; he, tall, handsome, with the strong, fine figure of a Greek athlete, she sweet, dainty like a flower. Together they went into the dimly-lighted parlor. There was a singular charm in her quainty simple manner.

"I will tell my father, and Aunt Rhoda now," she said.

"I wish you need not—that it might be like this——"

She glanced up with startled eyes and left him alone.

He walked up and down uneasily. "If I had the courage—if I dared. Maybe I need not be going straight to perdition. But—" there came before him another face, a dark, beautiful face under a flimmy bridal veil. He clenched his teeth. Then the white-haired old preacher came tottering in.

"Why, Allie, my boy, have you come all the way back to see us? We haven't kept up with our boys, and I'm growing old rapidly."

It was an out of the world spot, a tiny village down on the Georgia coast. The news of the world rarely drifted so far, and the old preacher lived among his ideals.

The younger man's manner began to be easier and more assured. At first there had been something like a watchful fear.

The preacher drifted away to his theories and antiquated hobbies. Miss Rhoda came with her quaint, old time greeting. There was tea and music, a hurried good-by under the vines, and the visit was a thing of the past. But a wistful look had come into Margery's sweet eyes, and a new dignity and sweetliness to her manner. From her little dormer window she watched the figure moving off in the moonlight and she whispered softly:

"Will he come again?" A great joy and and a great pain had come together in her heart, and she was no longer free. She knew now what her happy dreaming had meant. She knew and was glad while her heart trembled with fear.

"I love him," she whispered, softly under the quiet stars. "Even if he is gone I shall never be lonely ever again, for I have this in my heart."

For, alas, how could she know?

And the man going away in the moonlight turned aside from the village and went down the beach. On and on toward a tiny light that shone from a small square window in a low brown cottage set back on the shining sand.

He knocked at the door and it opened cautiously. It was a hard old face that looked out at him.

"You've come back, have you? Well, you may tell her that I sent the child to her. That's all I know. You can't get any more out of me than that. My son Ike is goin' to bring his wife home and I knew he'd never have a child like that here. Besides—oh, it ain't the same one! Who are you?"

He went inside and closed the door.

"It's you!" she exclaimed.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE QUIET HOTEL.

In the quaint parlor of an old-fashioned Portsmouth hotel a small group of men were gathered.

Outside a violent storm was raging. From the east came the heavy booming of the wind-lashed water. The rain poured and the wind shrieked dismally.

The man whom one would have noticed first had come during the day to the quiet hotel. He was registered as Poindexte

A Charming Novelette

A Happy Invention.

REENIE'S BURGLAR MAN

A story of tragedy and humor by the famous southern writer, E. D. Wilson, author of "Kaintuck and Tennessee," will begin next week. It is thrilling matter touched with smiles. Read it.

Other Great Stories Will Soon Be Announced.

Jones. A name that was common enough, and yet distinctive, too. But it was a name that seemed curiously out of keeping with his appearance. He was dressed in unobtrusive gray, but there was, nevertheless, a touch of Bohemian in his appearance. His tie was soft and broad and unconventional, his hair a trifle longer than fashion deemed proper. He looked like a traveling artist. His manner was that of a gentleman, in spite of its informal ease. His voice was low and singularly sweet, and his smile, when he willed it so drew the hearts of men as well as of women to him. His eyes were cool and gray and magnetic.

Without apparent effort he had made himself the center of attraction tonight. It was true that he had talked but little. He had listened to the stories the others had been telling with an attention that was a compliment to the story-teller. His evident enjoyment had been contagious. The stories had been unusually well heard.

Toward the last the man who called himself Poindexter Jones wandered over to the piano that stood open in the corner of the room.

He ran his long, beautifully shaped fingers over the keys and the little knot of men gathered about him.

"You sing, don't you?" He flashed a smile into the blue eyes of a stout, fair young man who had blushed like a girl.

"A little, only a little," he confessed.

"Oh, come, now, Scott, you are too modest. You do the thing rather well, you know. Give us a tune," said a good-humored boy who wore glasses.

Scott sang and Jones played his accompaniments. The others joined in some of choruses. There were college songs and and love songs and snatches from popular operas, and always the man Jones played, with exquisite touch, the accompaniments.

And at length when Scott's voice struggled clumsily with a fine selection, a clear, full tenor took up the strain and the men listened while Jones played and sang for them.

A smile from his fine gray eyes took the sting from Scott's mortification and drew him closer to the singer. A curious spell seemed to fall over them as the smiling gray eyes glanced into the listening faces, and he sang on, softly, always giving some exquisite selections, stopping now and then for a word or two and watching Scott with smiling eyes.

One quiet man noticed that in the smiling eyes there was a fiery gleam and he remembered seeing the same light in the baleful eyes of a serpent when a helpless bird fluttered before it. Still there was nothing in the man's face to suggest evil.

When he had finished playing the man who called himself Jones began to draw Scott out. Very skillfully the newspaper man was made to talk about himself and his work. The others drifted away to cards and cigars. Those two sat slightly apart, the one talking and the other listening.

"Of course I am not giving you names," the loud voice went on, "but I really have the thing at my finger tips. The proofs are here," tapping his breast pocket, "and I shall write up the whole affair ready for the morning mail. It will come like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. Fancy the sensation of the bridegroom."

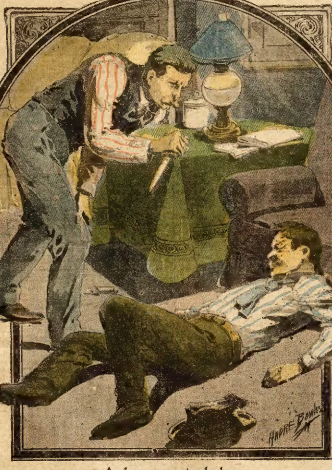
"You say he is your friend?" questioned the low voice.

"As friends go. I've been of use to him. He was never of any use to me, and she—I fancy her four hundred dear friends will not be so taken by surprise."

"Virginia people, I think you said?"

"Yes; the very top of the pot. Finest old place at all. A fellow who's fighting his way feels a sort of antagonism, a kind of resentment——" Then he stopped, flushing, for there was about the other that unmistakable look that marked him as belonging to the class for which paths are supposed to be made smooth.

But Jones smiled. "I see what you mean. It is hard. But this bridegroom—is not he risen from the ranks?"



And one man stood alone.

"Did I tell you as much as that?"

Jones laughed. The men were sauntering out. Scott rose to go. Jones waited a few moments, going again to the piano and playing snaps of weird, heart-breaking melody that were like bits of the storm sobbing outside.

Then he, too, went up to his room. His door was near the end of a long hall, and leaving it ajar, he watched the little rims of light that crept across the floor of the dark hall from the other doorways. One by one they disappeared.

Far down the hall past many doors one light shone across the threshold. The gray eyes watched it.

When the house was still Jones extinguished his light and crept noiselessly down the hall. On and on till he stood in the rim of light that shone under the door.

With a strong, steady hand he noiselessly turned the knob and opened the door.

"Don't make a noise," he said, quietly, as Scott sprang from his chair. "It might disturb the others. You don't mind my coming in?" He smiled slowly into the flushed face, and laid his hand on the knob.

"Why, no; I was not expecting any one. Pray, be seated."

"Yes; thank you. I have come to talk with you about the affair you are writing up." The man Jones said pleasantly.

"It's just finished, if I hadn't sealed the packet you might read it. Your interest promises well for its reception by the world."

Jones smiled. "The world cares nothing for one sensation more or less. You say that you have the proofs—that you can prove that Rose Sanderson was married while she was at school in a little South Carolina town——"

"The name—how came you to know that?"

"You haven't the world to yourself, you know. Are you sure that you can prove that Miss Sanderson was married clandestinely?"

"Well, since you seem to be in the secret, I can. I have been to the little college town, Hillsberry, and I have undeniable proof in the shape of a letter from the magistrate who performed the ceremony."

"Whom did she marry?"

"Joe Jasper. Though I doubt if that is a genuine name. It doesn't sound like it. He is descrbed as a handsome, dare-devil rascal, who stole the girl under the very eyes of her teachers."

A curious expression crossed the listener's face.

Scott stood up. The spell of fascination under which the other had held him was broken.

"I see in to this," he said, hotly, "You are her friend, her relative, it may be, and you think to rob me of this piece of work. Then you are mistaken. The rottenness of the society to which you belong should be exposed. You needn't have come with a price to buy me off." His face flamed.

"No," said Jones, quietly, in his low tone. "You are mistaken. I have not come to buy you off, but only to tell you that the man who would touch that woman's fair name is a creature that must cease to be. This matter is no concern of yours. The world would be no richer if you gave to it this masterpiece that you've completed tonight. You say that it has cost you something. Do you know how much? Tonight you shall pay the price. It is the last red drop of your heart blood! Coward, base, ignoble cur! Is there no other theme than a woman's undoing for your venomous pen? Vulture! Yes, you pay the price tonight; you pay it to me! It is my right!"

White and calm he stood before the enraged reporter. Perhaps there had never been a time in the lives of either when blood and breeding and the lack of both told as it did tonight.

And then! There was no sound, no outcry, a broad knife and a slender dagger flashed in the lamp light, and one man stood alone beside the table upon which the folded papers and packages lay.

He shuddered as he gathered them carefully up, noting deliberately the contents of each. He bent for a moment over the prostrate form at his feet. Then he extinguished the light and went silently out of the room.

Further chapters of this strong and thrilling story will appear next week. Ledger readers desiring to subscribe are invited to note the free cameras and patterns we offer patrons on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Some Marvelous Feats.

That success in art is not the monopoly of such as are dowered with the normal number of limbs is conclusively proved by the skill of Mlle. Rapin, a Swiss artist, who, though without arms, has made a name for herself with her portraits and bas reliefs; and of the Belgian painter, recently deceased, whom many of us have doubtless seen at work in the Antwerp picture gallery copying the works of the old masters there on view.

Other armless artists, too, have acquired fame, among whom may be mentioned the celebrated Miss Biffen, who earned a living as a miniature painter. Originally on exhibition at Bartholomew Fair, she was seen by the Earl of Morton, who took her under his patronage and paid for her artistic education. She was a favorite of George IV. and William IV., the latter of whom allowed her a small pension.

Turning to earlier armless celebrities, says Tid-Bits, mention must be made of John Valerius, born in Germany in 1667, who was capable of performing many surprising feats. He could shave himself, play on the drum, fence with much skill, and, in short, use his toes with as much adroitness as most men can their hands. He possessed, however, a modern rival in person of Herr Unthan, whom many will remember as exhibiting himself a few years ago in London, where he surprised large audiences with his marvelous feats.

Matthew Buckinger, who was born at Nuremberg seven years later than Valerius, was but a mere trunk, possessing neither arms nor legs. Despite his natural disadvantages, however, he is said to have been an excellent performer on the flute, bagpipe and trumpet, while his sketches—landscape, figures and coats of arms—which were executed with a pen, were equal to the most finished engravings. His caligraphy, of which examples are still extant, would have done credit to the most expert writing master, and, indeed, he was able to make no inconsiderable income by the sale of these specimens of his skill.

He figured likewise in the not very very invidious role of wife-beater, for on one occation, when one of his wives—he was married four times—insulted him, he sprang upon her, got her down, and buffeted her so severely with his stumps that she was glad to escape further chastisement by promising amendment in the future—a promise that she faithfully kept.

Equally marvelous were the feats of William Kingston, who at the commencement of the present century resided at Ditcheat, near Bristol, where he cultivated a small farm. He could, without other aid than that of his toes, saddle and bridle his horse, milk his own cows, cut his own hay, bind it up in bundles, and carry it about the field for his cattle. He was an excellent carpenter, too, and had acquired no little renown as a hammer thrower, being able with his feet to cast a heavy sledge hammer as far as most men could with their hands.

Very expert, too, is Caleb Orton, an American, though in his case his skill has brought him within the clutches of the law, for though without hands he contrived to forge a postal money order. For that nefarious purpose he employed his mouth, and although the authorities were at first incredulous and doubted the truth of his confession, he soon put the matter beyond doubt by ocular demonstration.

Gripping the pen between his teeth, he, by means of a series of rapid movements of his head, executed one of those elaborate designs of birds, beasts and scroll work in which writing experts delight, and proved to the satisfaction of everybody present his undoubted culpability.

Honey as a Money Crop.

The exports of American honey to foreign countries, which were of the value of $22,000 for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1897, amounted to $100,000, or four times as much for the fiscal year ending July, 1898, and there is a steady increase in the business done in this article of commerce which heretofore has been generally in the form of imports into the United States of honey from foreign countries. In the fiscal year of 1897 the amount of honey imported into this country was twice as great as the amount exported, but from present indications the disparity will hereafter be on the other side.

From a report recently published in the Westminster Gazette in England it appears that the present home supply of English honey is inadequate. Every year the English have to import 2,250,000 pounds, of which the declared value is $150,000. Among the countries engaged in supplying their markets with this product the principal ones are the United States, Chili and Peru. No statistics of the quantity of honey produced in the United Kingdom are obtainable, though every other country of Europe has figures on these points. France produces in a year 7,000 tons of honey, which is equivalent to 14,000,000 pounds, and a considerable amount of the honey used in England is imported from Ireland, but how much is not known, as it does not enter into the item of foreign commerce. The American facilities for furnishing not only England but other countries as well with honey are great and increasing. Thirty years ago the product of American honey was 15,000,000 pounds for all the states. Twenty years ago the product was 25,000,000 pounds, and ten years ago it had risen to 65,000,000 pounds.

There has been a wonderful advancement in the honey produced during the last ten years. In 1879 only twelve states produced more than 1,000,000 pounds of honey each, and only two more than 2,000,000. Now Iowa produces nearly 9,000,000 pounds, and Illinois, California, Missouri and New York, in the order named, produce above 4,000.000 pounds. The agricultural reports show the increase in honey product to be steadily continuing and the product to be sufficient for home consumption and to leave a balance for export. One state in which the honey supply is rapidly increasing, which is geographically well placed for the exportation of honey, is California. It is estimated that a hive of 5,000,000 bees produces about fifty pounds of honey yearly and multiplies ten-fold in five years. All the western states have been seeking in recent years to develop their honey product, but they appear to have no monopoly of it, for a strong competitor, well situated for purposes of foreign exportation, is Texas, and still another is Oregon. The honey product of New York is considerable in amount and increasing, and the facilities for its shipment, are, of course, excellent.

One difficulty which American dealers in honey have had in the past to meet has been the inferior knowledge which many of them have had of apiary culture as a separate science in farm matters. They have taken to bee raising as an incident of agriculture, with the result that until a few years ago the average production of honey to the hive was about one-half as much in the United States as in those countries in which bee culture is carried on scientifically. With great familiarity with the matter, a larger fund of general knowledge, and the use of new appliances and progressive methods, the American bee culturists have been going ahead rapidly of late years, until they now rank with those of other countries in which the care of bees has been almost a matter of tradition, and their excellence, in this particular, is shown by the marked increase which there has been in the American product of honey.

His Little Game.

She—You know that check for $100 you gave me? Well, they refused to cash it. The teller said that you only had $75 in the bank.

He—By Jove, I'm awfully sorry, dear.

She—Oh, it was all right. I deposited $25 and then they gave me the money.

Good for a Round-Up.

Buster Teddy—I hardly know what to do with you. Evidently you are too docile for my talents.

Vice P. Broncho—Oh, I don't know. Climb on and rope that senatorial courtesy maverick and we'll soon stampede the bunch.

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A BANKER'S SIN.

The Strange Story of Chicago's Famous Automobile Detective---A Rich Man's Punishment ---The Porch-Climber's Fate.

By Police Reporter ROBERTS.

(Copyright, 1901.)

Begun in No. 3, Jan. 19. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TRAGIC FINISH.

"That woman's up to some mischief," was Lou's comment as Mrs. Ramsey left the detective agency. "She wants to get that man out and her show to do it is good, for he was not arrested on a warrant, and I'll have to fix him up for a regular sojourn in jail pending trial, and I'll attend to it in the morning before she can make any scheme work. Now, for my night's ride in quest of porch-climbers and hold-up men. Just this one night more of hard riding and then I'll take some rest and sleep. Lordy, how I need them, too."

In an hour she was far out on the South side, in one of the most aristocratic of Chicago's residence districts.

She sped along Grand boulevard and from time to time left that beautiful thoroughfare, the home of the automobile, and made scouting trips into regions to the east and west.

As she was passing some vacant lots south of Forty-seventh street, she overtook a boy running southward at the top of his speed.

"Something suspicious," she thought. "He seems to be frightened. Hello, there," she shouted, slackening speed a little. "Hello, there, my son!"

The lad looked at her over his shoulder and tried to add a little to his speed.

"Don't you 'my son' me!" he yelled. "I've had enough o' that, you bet."

She heard this and wondered and resolved to know what the boy meant. She drove the machine up beside him, stopped suddenly and dismounted and had him by the coat collar before he realized what she was trying to do. He showed fight and she brought him to his senses by a well-directed blow, for he had been more frightened than angry.

"Get up in there," she commanded, pointing toward the automobile.

"Tryin' to steal me?" asked the boy, dolefully. "Fust ye call me yer 'son,' like them robbers did, an' then ye actually want ter swipe me. Git out!"

She laughed at him, called him a coward and dared him to get up into the automobile. After that he could not have been hired to stay out of it, for, though he had been running, he explained that it was from a superior force and showed that he was no coward.

"Look at them digs in me face," he panted, for he was nearly winded. "I'd like to give the bloke that defiggered me phiz a good swift jab in one of his lookers! Say, Miss, I did hand him a wake-up push at partin' an' if I do say so it was a peacherino! I split 'is lip, Miss, an' me chance for a swing was nit. But, say, Miss, I ain't no marryin' man. W'y, I's too young—see?"

"If I want to marry you I can wait for you," Lou answered with a laugh. "Now, tell your story."

"I was comin' home cross the lots. Two blokes jumps out o' the bushes an' grabs me. One was red-headed an' dey called 'im Red McTurk an' the other one was the dood I punched—the dood that fixed me phiz—an' dey called 'im Mick Swiggers."

"Dude McSwiggers and Red McTurk," Lou whispered.

"Dey said I'd got to go out south wid 'em, on a train, an' git in a winder an' open a door fer 'em, so dey c'u'd do a rob job at a rich geezer's house. Why, Miss, them fellers is tuff guns sure. Well, I backed up, 'cause I ain't no robber—see? My dad was a robber till 'e gits hung, five years ago, fer a killin', an' me mudder 'n me t'ought 'e was robber enough fer one fam'ly, an' we'se glad to do honest work an' take our chances o' gittin' done out o' de good stuff—see? W'en I kicked good an' hard de dood crook 'e biffed me some cat-scratches an' I split open 'is lip an' skipped, an' there you are."

The girl detective questioned the boy skillfully and learned where the two crooks intended to pull the crime off. The boy said the burglars expected to be done at two o'clock and to get down town on an incoming freight train that would halt about that time near the scene of their exploit.

"Boy, can you shoot?" asked Lou.

"You bet an' straight to de bull's eye, too."

"Do you want to help me capture these crooks?"

"Yes, Miss. Be you after 'em?"

"Yes, I'm after them. Here's a revolver, and it has six good shots in it."

"All right." And the boy thrust the weapon in a pocket of his ragged coat.

When the marauders of the night had brought their criminal adventure to a successful termination and emerged through a dark and narrow passage to an open lot, across which they intended to run to the freight train which stood there waiting, as they had expected to find it, they were confronted by a determined young woman and an equally determined boy who menaced them with drawn revolvers.

"Halt and hands up!" commanded Lou Little.

Dude McSwiggers fired point blank at the boy, but missed his mark.

"Take dat fer yer beastly clawin'!" cried the boy, pulling trigger, and the psuedo McSwiggers fell dead.

Seeing that the game was up, the other porch-climber surrendered and was soon handcuffed and secured to the automobile in such a way as to render his escape impossible.

With the booty that he and his companion had secured to be used as evidence against him, Lou Little took him to the Inter-Oceanic Detective Bureau and locked him in the cage with Baldy Hinchey.

"Damn me!" Hinchey exclaimed, "if that kid ain't Goggle-Eyed Magoogle's boy—Goggle-Eyed Magoogle that was hung and died game and, just to pay off an old score, claimed to be you, Mr. Talleyrand Ramsey, alias Tally the Robber. Ha! ha! I came near getting some of the banker's stuff by making him believe you'd croaked."

"An' dem's me fodder's old pals, Hinchey an' Tally," declared the son of the late Goggle-Eyed Magoogle. "Say, Miss, many a time, since me fodder got it in de neck fer runnin' wit' 'em, dey've come to our place an' wanted ter lay low, but me an' me mudder give 'em de marble heart awful hard an' chilly."

Little Lou Little overslept next morning. When she got to the office of the Inter-Oceanic Detective Bureau, Chief Landry informed her that Mrs. Ramsey had secured the release of Tally the Robber and had, not two minutes before, taken him away with her in a carriage. She knew their destination was the millionaire's residence, and she sprang to her seat in her automobile and hurried off to the Lake Shore drive, stopping at a justices office to get a warrant for Tally the Robber's arrest.

"Shall I send a constable with you?" asked the justice of the peace.

"Thanks; I shall not need his help."

And she did not.

Entering the millionaire's house right behind Mrs. Ramsey and her brother-in-law, once her betrothed, who was renewing his threats of vengeance, she saw Abner Ramsey materialize out of the shadows in the hall. There was a shot and Talleyrand Ramsey fell dead at his brother's feet.

"Dead! dead!" whispered the millionaire, leaning over the prostrate form of the son of his own mother, whom he had, with his own hand, sent to the bar of eternal judgment. "Cain! Cain! I am Cain! The wages of sin is death! Oh, God!"

Lou Little saw the banker throw up his hands and fall gasping to the floor.

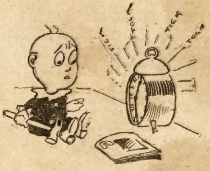
"Another of his seizures," she thought as she knelt by him. "No, no, he has passed away! Truly, the wages of sin is death. But these tragedies, terrible as they are, to Ramie are mercies in disguise. Dude McSwigger will be known to be dead and Guy Ramsey will have disappeared, and that is all the public will ever know. It may be thought that Abner Ramsey killed Tally the Robber while the latter was trying to rob him. The millionaire is past telling what has happened here. I can keep still and Mrs. Ramsey will never reveal the dark secrets of the terrible retributive history of her household. Ramie will be happy. Ramie will be rich—she is her father's only heir. I have broken up the porch-climbers gang, and when all is told, my reward has gone glimmering."

The Markhams take an interest in the girl detective, which is more valuable to her than would have been the reward offered by Abner Ramsey, and Lou has kept an eye on young Magouder and by judicious training is making of him a useful assistant.

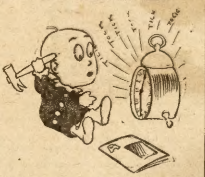
(The end.)

◆

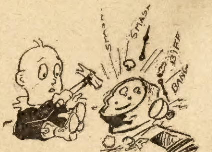
Finding Out About It.



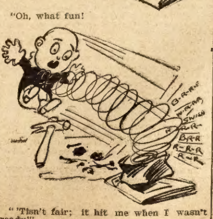
"Wonder what makes that noise?



"Guess I'd better look into this business.



"Oh, what fun!



" 'Tisn't fair; it hit me when I wasn't ready!"

"SWEET" EATERS.

Way to Correct Children's Taste.

Sometimes children become willful and refuse nourishing food, demanding sweets, candy, ice cream, etc., much to their detriment. It is a great help in such cases to have a food that is naturally sweet and attractive. A case in Phila. will illustrate.

The daughter of Mrs. M. E. Searles, living at 1330 Mifflin St., was a delicate child from infancy and had been indulged in many things. She gradually got thinner and more fretful daily, refusing food other than sweets, etc., finally contracting whooping cough which undermined her health to such an extent that her attending physicians agreed that her cough had developed into bronchial catarrh, and that only a short time would ensue before consumption would relieve her sufferings.

In despair, the child's aunt was sent for, and knowing the wonderful nutritive value of Grape-Nuts food, she prepared some and induced the little one to eat it. At the first taste she said: "Oh, auntie, this is so nice, I want some more." From that time the child acquired an appetite and began to improve. She was fed on Grape-Nuts steadily until now she is a perfectly healthy, strong child, attends the Girls' Grammer School, and is a bright and apt pupil.

◆

A Valuable Dog.

Friend—Magnificent dog that.

Mr. Suburb—Yes; he's a splendid watch dog. Paid $500 for him.

Friend—Well, he's worth it—splendid animal! Splendid! Finest I ever saw! But, by the way, what's this other dog for? He's a mere mongrel! Fact is, he's a common cur.

Mr. Suburb—Y-e-s. I had to get him to prevent the thoroughbred from being stolen.

◆

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◆

The Regular Procedure.

First Office Boy—Wot 'll yer do if de boss raises yer salary from tree to five?

Second Office Boy—Well, I hain't fully decided—'cept dat I'll take up golf.

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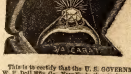
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IMPORTANT—Cut this out. It may not appear again.

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THE NEW TELEGRAPHY.

BY CATHERINE ADAMS.

"We must intercept that message," said Schmidt.

I could only look my unutterable astonishment. Schmidt was the senior partner in the firm of Schmidt, Rosenberg & Carey. I was Carey, the junior. Rosenberg we seldom saw, and it was just as well; he had no brains, but his money had been very useful when the firm was first launched, and, as he never interfered with the management, we were glad to continue as we had begun.

For the rest, "Schmidt, Rosenberg & Carey" is a firm of stock brokers well known on the stock exchange, where is operations are followed with keen interest.

"Well," said Schmidt, seeing that I was all at sea; "you scarcely follow me?"

"I don't!" I declared emphatically.

"That is because you have no imagination. A better financier I never knew, but you lack imagination. Now, I—" He paused.

"Have too much. You could well spare me some. But what is this move?"

"A crisis is imminent. There was another meeting at the foreign office this afternoon."

"Stale news!" I gibed. "Are not all the papers full of it?"

Schmidt went on as if I had not spoken: "Within the next twenty-four hours a message will be sent to Berlin. It will be the message —the all-important one that will materially affect the money market for some time."

"How do you know this?"

"From the usual source, our private intelligence department—Bracebridge."

"It all sounds very pretty. I can quite understand how a premature knowledge of that message may effect our fortunes appreciably, but I fail to see how such a happy consummation is coming to pass."

"Really," said Schmidt, "I thought you had more sense! We shall intercept that message. I have arranged with a very clever electrician, who has Marconi's latest improvements at his fingers' ends, to accompany you and myself on a little pleasure trip in the channel for a few hours. In such glorious weather what could be more pleasant than a jaunt on that charming little steam yacht, the Gladiola?"

"You have rechristened your yacht?"

"No. For obvious reasons, it will not do to use my own boat. So Messrs. Blick and Sampson, two American gentlemen, will embark on the Gladiola, which will be awaiting them in Dover harbor. When in midchannel, what more natural thon our electrical friend's desire to experiment with his apparatus? Singular, too, that we shall take such a course as to be in the direct line of communication between the terminals at Dover and Antwerp."

"Antwerp! Then the message does not go direct to Berlin?"

"Impossible! It is wonderful to think that it can go to Antwerp without a break, and thence, with only one other stoppage, at Brunswick, right on to Berlin."

"But how shall we hit on the locality? That will require some fixing up."

"Leave that to me, dear boy! I have calculated it all to a nicety. I shall ever be thankful that my father persuaded me to serve in the navy rather than in the army for my term of conscription."

"You are a many-ided man," I said admiringly; "but have you told the electrician?"

"The message is in cipher. Bracebridge will bring me the key this evening, when he will also bring the latest intelligence and the time of sending the message. * * * Besides, the operator is an impecunious man, and I shall know how to keep him from asking unnecessary questions."

"It is tremendously risky!" I said.

"Not at all! The only thing is to keep mum, and don't tell your wife!"

I winced. The only disturbing element in my conjugal happiness is the chattering proclivities of my better half.

"Mrs. Schmidt is discreet," said the husband of that unique lady; "but Mrs. Carey—well," he added diplomatically, "well, Mrs. Carey is too charming to be able to keep a secret."

Late in the evening of the same day I went to Schmidt's house in Charlton place. Bracebridge had already been and presented the latest intelligence—to-wit, that the operator at the government's wireless telegraphy office at Dover had been advised to be in readiness to receive a messenger from the foreign office about noon on the morrow. Schmidt had wired to the captain of the Gladiola to have steam up ready for us next morning. The telegraph operator had also been communicated with. My chief then proceeded to give me a few instructions regarding our adventure.

"We shall make a splendid coup!" he said. "Whichever way the message runs, its early knowledge ought to make our fortunes. I have telephoned our agent in Paris to be on the qui vive, and have wired to our man in Berlin. Mr. Whistler is prepared to work the oracle this side, and, by Jove! if we get the message, the thing is a dead certainty."

When next morning, I met my chief at the railway station, I scarcely knew him. His blue-black beard and hair had become snow-white. My clean-shaven face was now adorned by a mustache and imperial.

The captain of the yacht and the telegraph operator met us at the Dover pierhead, and we were soon in the yacht's boat on our way to the vessel.

"Set her engines going at once, Steevens," said Schmidt as we boarded the yacht. "We have none too much time. There is your course," and he handed the captain a chart.

The captain looked surprised.

"We are wishing to enable my friend here to try a little experiment on his own account," explained Schmidt. "He has a telegraph apparatus here, and a friend on shore will try to send him a message. They have agreed upon the route, and we shall intercept that message nicely if you follow the course I have marked and bring us to anchor there," and he pointed to the place marked on the chart.

Within two hours from the time we left the pier the Gladiola came to anchor at the spot marked on Schmidt's chart.

It was a damp, misty sort of morning; not at all like the glorious weather predicted by Schmidt. I shivered in my light summer clothing, and inwardly anathematised the whole concern.

The captain brought me a rug and some hollands. Gradually my frame of mind grew more sociable and benignant. I turned to the electrician, who stood near me.

"This is all very wonderful," said I, apropos of the new telegraphy.

"The wonder is that it was not discovered ages ago," he replied. "Think of the marvels of science that have yet to be grasped! Their name is legion."

The man was enthusiast and began to talk of his ideas.

"Is that all your apparatus?" I asked, pointing to the indicator.

"O, no!" the operator said, pointing to the top of the mainmast, "there is a temporary terminal fixed up yonder."

"Umph!" said Schmidt; "this is getting a bit too high-falutin' for me. How goes the time, Carey?"

"Ten minutes to twelve," I said, remembering, with a start, what mission we were bound on.

"Everything is quite ready, Mr. Barr?"

"Perfectly in order," replied the operator.

"The time is pretty near now, so keep a sharp look-out."

We stood a little apart, watching him anxiously. A little curious as the matter in hand, some of the crew looked on from a distance.

It wanted one minute to the time!

"Hist!" said the operator warningly, as Schmidt turned to speak to him. There was a faint, rippling sound just distinguishable from the apparatus, then the indicator began to work.

We scarcely dared to breathe as the operator took down the message anxiously and carefully. Schmidt could not restrain his excitement.

"Got it, Barr, got it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said the operator. "Wait a minute."

"Where is the key to the cipher? I gave it to you, Carey," said Schmidt in a tense whiper.

I fumbled nervously in my breast pocket. If I had lost it! But no! I held it up triumphantly.

Barr came away from his apparatus.

"Here it is; but it is not in cypher, after all. It is in very plain English."

"What?" from Schmidt.

The operator read from the slip of paper in his hand: "To Mrs. Dunlop, Hotel Marie, Ostend.—Return at once. Bobbie very ill with measles."

I looked at Schmidt. Schmidt looked at me. He recovered the power of speech first, and I shall never forget the ebullition that followed. Sailors are supposed to be pretty well seasoned that way; but even the captain looked aghast.

In the middle of his roaring and rioting, the operator put up his hand warningly.

"Hark! What is that?"

Schmidt subsided a little.

"There goes another!" exclaimed Barr. The coherer sympathized again."

"Catch it! catch it!" cried Schmidt frantically, waving his arms melodramatically in the air as if he would "hold up" all the sensitive particles of ether and restrain them from passing on the message.

"Too late, sir! What a pity you did not tell me to be on the lookout for two messages!"

"Pity!" roared Schmidt, stamping on the deck in an impotent fury. "How should I know that that donkey of an operator at Dover had a child down with measles? How should I know that he would send a message to his wife at Ostend just at the time he ought to be keeping the course clear for the foreigno ffice? By George! what business had he to be tampering with the government wires?"

But it is best to draw a veil over the proceedings of the next few hours. With regard to myself the whole business had turned out so quaintly that I was chuckling inwardly. I will not say that I was not chagrined at the result of our enterprise, but as I had not been so sanguine as Schmidt my disappointment was proportionately smaller. Besides, he had been so beautifully sold.

It was a mean advantage, perhaps, but I could not resist chaffing him as to the accuracy of his chart.

"You said we were placed exactly in the position to intercept a message between Dover and Antwerp. How could one to Ostend reach us?"

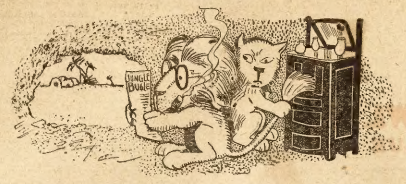
"Don't you know geography?" he growled. "Look on your map, and you will see that Ostend and Bruges too are in the line of communication with Berlin. That is why they are obliged to change the cypher so often."

"All right!" I said severely; "you need not lose your temper again. If you had put more restraint on yourself at the time, we should have caught the second message too. It was simply lost in an exhibition of vocal fireworks."

"And it might have made our fortunes!" he said sadly.

This is how it happened that our forewarned agents in Paris and Berlin did not get their expected instructions that day, neither did a certain pair of astute financiers become millionaires at that particular juncture of their careers.

OH, THOSE MEN!



Mrs. Lion—Leo, will you or will you not move around more spryly, so that I can dust the furniture some time before night?"

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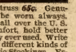

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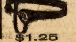

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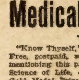

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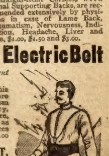

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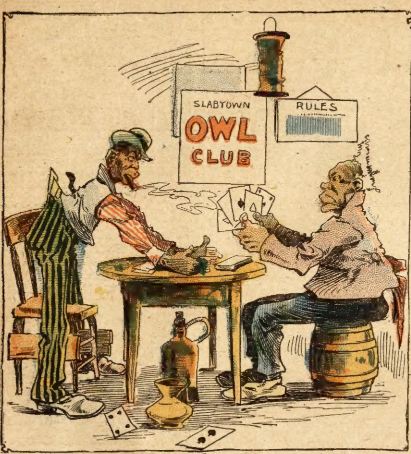

Deacon Shy—I calls yo' on foh aces.
Mr. Bluff—Dat ain't good!
Deacon Shy—What yo' got?
Mr. Bluff—I'se got de kleptomania!

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What He Said.

"My wealthy uncle spoke very nicely of you, Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton; "very nicely, indeed. I'm sure you would have been flattered if you could have heard him."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; his tribute to your personal charms was most graceful, and at the same time his recognition of your store of information, such as most people need a lifetime to acquire, was convincingly sincere."

"I should like to know precisely what he said."

"I can recall his exact language," Mr. Meekton went on, in gentle innocence. "He said you looked like 25 and talked like 60."

Thought It Was Abreviated.

"Our grocer's mind never rises above business."

"How so?"

"I sent him an order yesterday, and, just for the novelty of it, dated is thus: '1-5-MCMI.'"

"Well?"

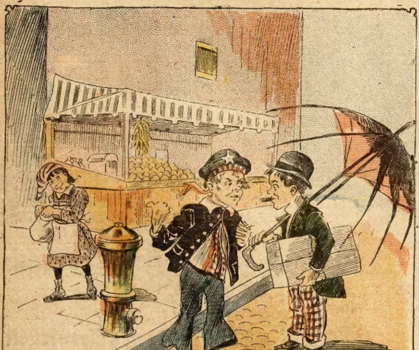
"He sent us 15 pounds of mince meat."

Quick Time.

"Do you have any trouble in making your Pegasus go?"

"Never a bit. I always use the spur of the moment."

MEN AND WOMEN.



Jimmy—I jes' had ter blow me bundle ter a pint o' peanuts—it's peanuts in winter, ice cream in summer, chewing gum in spring, and lozenges in de fall—dat's de eternal feminine of it!

Johnny—Yes; and dere's a sucker born every minute! Dat's de eternal masculine of it, ter fit eternal feminine of it!

There Was One.

"Where there any tomfool election bets up your way?" was asked of the old farmer.

"There was one," he answered, in very solemn tones. "I bet a feller ten cents even up that New York would go democratic, and she went republican, and I had to pay."

"But how do you make a tomfool bet of that?"

"How? Why, I bet with a natural born idiot, and I might just as well have bet him fifty cents even up that New York would go republican, and raked in all the spondulicks."

One Coming.

"Could you tell me the meaning of the word 'cataclysm?'" he asked of the street car passenger who was folding up his newspaper.

"Are you going to ride two or three blocks farther?" was queried in reply.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you'll see one. The conductor has carried that sharp-nosed woman two streets past where she wanted to get off already, and she'll wake up soon and start a cataclysm that'll probably jump the car right off the track."

An Appreciated Catastrophe.

"Durin' the performance of an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, one night last week," said the landlord of the tavern at Kohank, "the opery house caught fire."

"Is that so?" inquired the patent churn man. "What was the result?"

"Aw! It burned to the ground amid the heartfelt applause of all the prominent citizens present."

Unsurmountable.

Wunn—I seem to have the worst luck in the way of getting my feet stumbled over in street cars.

Tuther—It's their size, I guess. People don't stumble over mine.

Wunn—Just run against them, do they?

NO NIBBLER.

An Old Fish Knows Good Bait From Poor.

A good old family Doctor down in Edenburg, Miss., says he is not afraid to tell the truth about coffee and its effect on him and the remarkable change produced by leaving off and taking Postum Food Coffee in its place.

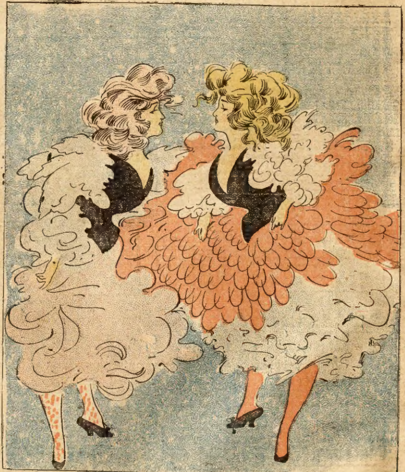
He used coffee for many years, and says, "Of late years I have been so nervous that I dreaded to perform an operation, and my eyesight had bothered me a considerable. I think about two years ago I first heard of Postum Food Coffee, and gave it a trial. I am not quick to bite at humbugs, but the change in my physical condition brought about by leaving off coffee and taking Postum Food Coffee was a complete surprise. I began to eat well, sleep well, and in just three months my eyesight was restored, my nerves strong, headaches disappeared, and my chronic catarrh of thirteen years standing was cured with little or no treatment except for the change in coffee.

I am today stout, erect, and weigh 20 pounds more than I did before giving up coffee. I have an extensive practice and have had very satisfactory results among my patients where I have induced them to leave off coffee and take Postum in its place.

Coffee is ruining and destroying thousands of our young Americans, and it is a pleasure to know of a nutritious and palatable breakfast beverage that rebuilds the nervous system rather than tears it down, as the old coffee does.

It may interest you to know that we had much the same experience as many others when we first began to prepare Postum. We boiled it in a desultory sort of way for a few minutes and the product was not satisfactory. Turning to the directions we discovered the fault and from that time we have followed those directions which are simple enough, with the most satisfactory results in point of flavor and food value.

With my best wishes for your continued success." Dr. A. G. Alston.



Miss Behave—Do you really think the leading lady has had as many proposals as she claims?

Miss Demeanor—Sure! Every time she hears a champagne bottle pop she exclaims, "This is so sudden!"

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I suffered for years with uterine troubles, displacements, leucorrhœa and other irregularities, and finally found a safe and simple home treatment that completely cured me without the aid of medical attendance. I will send it free with full instructions and valuable advice to any suffering woman. Address MRS. L. V. HUDNUT, South Bend, Indiana.

Relentless Progress.

The Man behind the Gun laughed at the Pittiless Leaden Hail.

"Don't laugh!" clattered the Pittiless Leaden Hail, reproachfully. "You may get to be old-fashioned yourself, sometime!"

There was certainly no telling what progress the art of war might make.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR 121 Marion Street Oak Park, Ill.

A Possible Second.

"Oh, don't be foolish," exclaimed the young bride; "he's merely an old flame of mine."

"Indeed," cried her aged but wealthy husband. "I'll warrant you dream of his tender advances yet."

"No," she replied, with a far-away look; "not yet."

Hard Case.

Optimist—I suppose you consider yourself unlucky because you weren't born with a silver spoon in your mouth.

Pessimist—Well, if I had been born that way this life wouldn't bother me.

Optimist—Naturally.

Pessimist—Yes; it would just have been my luck to have the spoon choke me to death.

The Modern Monthly.

City Man (showing the sights)—And this is the office of the Fin de Siecle Monthly Magazine.

Country Cousin (who reads the papers)—That so? Let's go in and see the editors being hired and discharged.

Unexpected.

Little Ethel—I guess I didn't paint that calendar very well after all.

Little Amy—What makes you think so?

Little Ethel—Why, even grandpa didn't seem to admire it very much.

Made Him Cross.

"But he didn't call you a liar in set terms, did he?" asked the mollifier.

"He might as well have done so. He said I had no more regard for the truth than an historical novelist."

Piles Cured!

Box Free. Gives instant relief. Positive Cure. L. F. WAGNER, P. O. Box 168, Milwaukee, Wis.

STORYETTES.

Crossing Snake River.

After climbing Teton Pass, Ernest Seton-Thompson and his wife were told that when they had crossed Snake river it would be plain sailing to the ranch-house where they intended to stay for a few days. This, according to Mrs. Seton-Thompson, was what happened:

The Snake river is so named because for every advance of a mile it makes a retreat of half that distance. The knowledge of this fact is the fruit of experience.

About half past five we came to a rolling, tumbling yellow stream, where the road stopped abruptly, with a disheartening drop into water so deep as to cover the hubs of the wheels. The current was strong. The horses had to struggle hard against it. When we reached the opposite bank, I thanked my stars that Snake river was crossed.

Crossed? Oh, no! A strip of pebbly road and the willows suddenly parted, to disclose another stream, deeper than the first. We crossed it.

At the third stream the horses rebelled, but at last they had to go in, plunging madly and dragging the wagon nearly broadside into the water. Then there was another stream, and after that, the driver stopped his horses to rest, wiped his brow, looked the wagon over, pulled a few ropes tighter, mended his broken whip with a willow stick, gave a hitch to his trousers, and remarked as we started:

"Now, when we get through the Snake river on here a piece, we'll be all right."

"I thought we had been crossing it for the past hour!" I gasped.

"Oh, yes, them's forks of it; but the main stream's ahead, and it's mighty treacherous, too," was the calm reply.

When we reached the Snake river, there was no doubt that the others were forks. Two men on the opposite bank waved us back from the place where our driver was lashing his horses into the rushing current, and guided us down stream.

"This yere ford changes every week," said one, "but I reckon you might try here."

We did. Instantly the water was over the horses' backs, the wagon-box was afloat, and we were being borne down stream in the boiling, seething flood when the wheels struck a shingly bar. That gave the horses a chance to half swim, half plunge. The two men on horseback each seized one of the leaders and kept his head pointed for a cut in the bank.

Everything in the wagon was afloat. A leather case, containing a forty-dollar fishing-rod, slipped quietly off down stream. I rescued my camera from the same fate. Overshoes, wraps, field-glasses, guns, all were suddenly endowed with motion. Another moment and we should have sunk; but the horses, by a supreme effort, managed to scramble to the bank.

They were too much exhausted to drag more than half the wagon after them, and there we reclined, half-submerged, until the two men came to our rescue. Each fastened a rope to the tongue of the wagon, wound an end about the pommel of his saddle, and set his pony pulling. Our horses made another effort, and up we came out of the water, wet, storm-tossed, but calm. Oh, yes—calm!

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

A Wild Ride.

The descent from the easiest pass across the Blue Ridge mountains thereabouts, known as Snicker's Gap, to the Shenandoah river is long and steady. At regular intervals a little elevation of solid earth, also known as a brake, has been banked up across the road, to keep it from being washed away by the heavy rains. A ferry, propelled by the river current, carries the stage coach across the Shenandoah, which flows at the foot of the mountain.

One day the coach, well loaded with passengers and their baggage, had attained a fair speed, when an accident to the harness occurred. The driver could not turn the vehicle in against the high banks on either side without upsetting it, and perhaps maiming its occupants. There was nothing to do but to "keep the horses on their feet and guide them."

Every time he reached one of the mounds across the road he had to exercise the greatest skill in steering over it squarely, but by coolness and presence of mind he brought his load safely, although at a tremendous speed, down the mountain. From long experience he knew where it was possible to drive into the river without getting beyond his depth, and as he boldly plunged his team into the stream an effective brake upon its speed began to operate. It soon came to a standstill, and the terror-stricken passengers drew a long breath once more. Rowboats came out after them, the harness and brakes were repaired, and the journey resumed.

It is not strange that this one occasion of the thousands of times this man had been down the mountains should stand out distinct in his memory. This is the way history is made up. Ordinary occurrences are forgotten while an unusual event is remembered, the marvelousness of it seeming even to increase with the years; and the history of nations is but the enlarged form of the history of every-day life.

Side Lights on History.

"You know you only have to say the word," remarked one of the other bears, "and we will make you our King."

"But I don't want to be King," answered the grizzly, catching sight at this moment of Colonel Roosevelt in the distance. "I am about to run for vice-president."

As for the subsequent doings of the bear behold, are they not written in the chronicles of the correspondents?

Better Than a Deed.

When the Virginian who lived in the wretched log cabin with a family of seven had told me that forty acres of his land was a solid coal bed, I asked him if his deed was all right.

"Never had no deed, sah," he rather proudly replied.

"But have you no papers at all?"

"No papers 'tall, sah. I jest squatted down on this yere land thirty years ago, and hev yere ver since."

"But if you have no papers wont the owner come along some day and bounce you out?"

"Not skassly, sah—not skassly. That is to say, sah, that the real owner has come along three different times and tried it and every time he got killed and had to give it up. Deeds and sich things are all right 'nuff in their way, but my old gun, with a bar'l seven feet long is a heap better right around yere."

A Plausible Story.

Lady—Why are you wandering around the country, I should like to know, instead of staying at home and taking care of your family?

Tramp—You see, mum, my wife had a very good servant girl, a regular jewel, mum.

Lady—That doesn't seem possible.

Tramp—There never was but one perfect girl, and my wife had her, mum.

Lady—Mercy! What a lucky woman!

Tramp—Yes, mum; so my wife often said. But you, see, mum, the girl didn't like me.

Lady—She didn't.

Tramp—No, mum. She said my wife would have to discharge her or me, so she discharged me.

Lady—Oh, I see. Here's some money.

Their Ending.

Once upon a time the Kissing Bug, coming to claim his own, was vastly nettled to discover the Microbe in the Kiss.

"What are you doing here?" snarled the Kissing Bug.

"None of your business!" retorted the Microbe in the Kiss, spiritedly.

From words they presently came to blows, and fought desperately until both were killed.

The world was apprised of this happy consummation of the Kissing Bug and the Microbe in the Kiss ceasing to be figures in contemporaneous humor.

Unbroken.

We found the poet in bed, albeit the day had long since dawned.

"I have no coals," quoth he.

At once tears of joy filled our eyes.

"Outrageous fortune hath not broken thy gentle spirit else thou wouldst hardly say coals, instead of coal," we exclaimed, and wrung his hand.

Departing presently, we left our benison and some latish magazines.

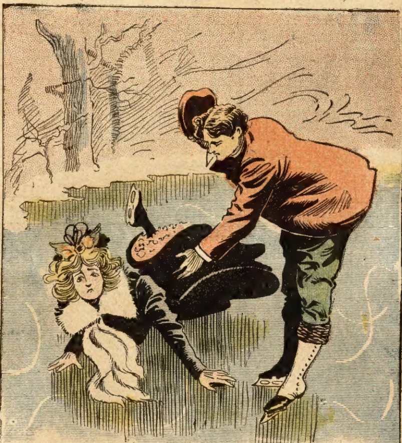
Came Under That Head.

Lawyer—Are you acquainted with the prisoner?

Witness—I've known him for twenty years.

Lawyer—Have you ever known him to be a disturber of the public peace?

Witness—well—er—he used to belong to a drum and fife band.



Beauty's downfall! Here you see
What the humorist would call,
With sense of propriety,
"Winter's frozen waterfall!"

Grasp the opportunity—
Gallant, gain a charming wife.
Her fall may your windfall be—
Offer her support for life!

A King's Yankee Wife.

Although American women, with their millions, have appropriated a goodly share of European titles, only one woman is a princess in her own right, and only one of Uncle Sam's daughters ever wedded a king.

The Princess Waldersee, the power behind the throne of Germany, is at present much to the fore in the Chinese affair, or more properly speaking, her husband, Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, who is just about assuming command of the allied forces in China.

Princess von Waldersee had intended visiting her American friends and her old home this autumn for the first time since before her marriage, had political affairs not changed her plans.

She was the beautiful Miss Lea—Mary Esther Lea—daughter of David Lea, a rich New York grocer, and one of three very lovely sisters, all of whom married into titled families. Count von Waldersee is her second husband. She is the Princess Frederick von Noer, the title being conferred upon her by the Emperor of Austria after the death of her first husband, who relinquished the title of Prince of Schleswig-Holstein to contract a marriage with her.

He was a prince of the royal line and on this account offered Miss Lea a morganatic marriage, for in marrying her otherwise he would have to relinquish his titles. She refused other than a regular marriage, whereupon the prince gallantly abandoned his high station and wedded her. Six months later he died, leaving her mistress of his $4,000,000.

Count von Waldersee is of an old Prussian family and was a favorite of the Emperor William.

◆

The Savage Bachelor.

"Ah," said the sentimental boarder; "woman's tears are her best weapon."

"Yes, verily," said the Savage Bachelor. "The faces a woman makes when she is crying would drive a man to almost anything."

Some day the new husband boarder and the Savage Bachelor are bound to mix—if the honeymoon does not wear out before then.

◆

No Athlete.

"How is Ponsonby's boy making out at college?"

"Oh, he doesn't cut much of a figure there."

"Why, I understand he was making wonderful progress with his studies."

"That's just it. He spends all his time trying to acquire an education."

Sure of One Point.

"A man," said the gentleman with the d bonair air, "that would strike a woman nothing but a brute."

"I dunno about that," said the subdu gentleman, glancing across the room at 200 pounds of wife, "but, at any rate, ain't got good sense."

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Never fool with a fool; he might fool you.

A pretty girl always looks like the pic- re on a magazine cover doesn't.

Life is made up not of one great sacri- ce but of many little kindnesses.

Life is but a temporary harbor on the hore of the boundless ocean of eternity.

The Kansas liquor war is expected to ave a sweeping effect. Brooms are being sed freely.

It is an easy task to convert the average man to any theory that promises to benefit im financially.

It takes a wasp to make a lazy man get a move on himself. All it has to do is back up against him and push.

Miss Astor, it is said, may win the Duke of Roxburghe, indicating that the duke is not satisfied with his own kind of rox.

Gen. Funston reports everything quiet in Luzon in his district. This must be very monotonous for "scrapping Funston."

A Wisconsin judge has declared the use of cigarettes to be good ground for divorce. The cigarette "fiend" will probably put that decision in his "little pipe" and smoke it.

Emperor William has been made a field marshal in the British army. Fortunate- ly the title does not carry with it any powers for enforcing penalties for leze majesty.

We have it authoritatively at last that the stories of Gov. Roosevelt's cording up dead lions and bears were "fakes," and so were his campaign teeth, for that matter.

Anne Longfellow Pierce, sister of the poet Longfellow, died the other day at Portland, Maine, in the old Longfellow house in Congress street, where she lived all her long life of 90 years and 10 months. Her famous brother's life, however, is not to be measured by years.

At last the United States government has resorted to extreme measures with the Fili- pino insurgents. It has warned them that if they do not lay down their arms before April 1 they will be ineligible to hold office. If the Filipino is as much addicted to office- holding as the American he will stack his rms at once.

THE AWFUL RAMJIMJAM.

"And so the Ramjimjam ate them all up, and that is the end of that tale."

There was a pause and Uncle Jack puffed at his pipe, which had almost gone out; and the children gathered just a little closer to him, for the shadows were beginning to gather, and this had been an extra terrible tale.

"Wamdimyam eat 'em all up," repeated little Dollie, in an awestruck voice, while Willie inquired, "Please, uncle, what is a Ramjimjam?"

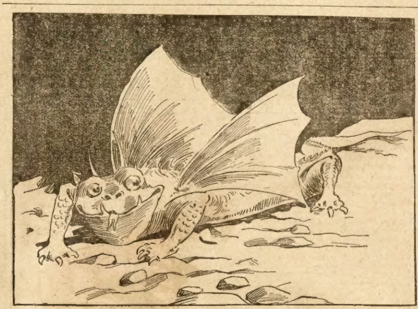
"What's Wamdimyam?" echoed Dollie, nodding her little head. She always nodded when she spoke.

"Hum," said Uncle Jack, and he seemed to be rather undecided how to answer. "The Ramjimjam is an awful creature——"

"Awfu' cweture" from Dollie.

"And he lives in the great holes in the cliff."

"Lives holes i' cwiff," came the echo.



What they thought the Ramjimjam was like.

"And he comes out and eats, and eats, whatever he can get."

"Whatever he can get," from Dollie and then mamma came in, and the children were carried off to bed, and somehow Uncle Jack did not look very sorry; for three great romping children on a hot summer's evening is rather more than most of the grown-ups care about.

They were all at the seaside and mother and father had been obliged to go up to town for a day or two; so Uncle Jack had promised to keep the children out of mischief; and after a whole day of romps, he had finished by telling them all about the awful Ramjimjam.

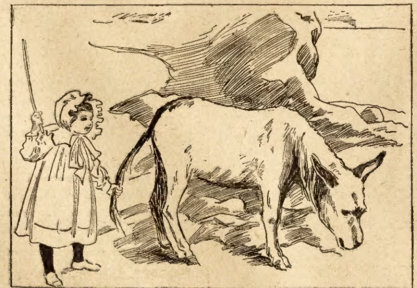
But there was another day tomorrow, and what was he to do to amuse them then?

The first part was not so bad. There was breakfast, and after that, donkey rides; for the children always had the same donkeys, every morning.

But today there was one of the donkeys missing, and another that they did not know in its place.

"Where is Neddy Whitehead?" they asked of the man, as they scrambled up into the saddles.

"He ran away in the night, the tiresome creature," was the answer; "and we can't find out where he has gone to. I suppose that he will come back when he is hungry."



What the Pamjimjam really was.

"Tum back when he's hungry," said Dolly, and off they went.

But donkey rides cannot last all day, and even if they could little people would get tired of them. They managed all right till after dinner; and then, when the afternoon sun began to get fierce, the trouble began. They did not want to stay in, and they did not want to go for a walk; and it was too hot to romp, and they did not want a story, or to paddle; and the truth is, that they did not know what they did want.

"Well," said uncle, "I am going down by the sea, because I can get a nice shelter by the pier; and you had better come and build a nice castle there, and then we will watch the sea knock it down."

That was all very well for a time; but after Dolly had tumbled right into the middle of the fort, and knocked it all inside out, the three children did not want to play at that any more. Then, as Willie stood looking at the cliffs, a thought came to him.

"Uncle, the tide will not be up for a long time yet, will it?"

"No, old fellow; not for some hours," was the answer.

"Then please may we go and look in the holes in the cliffs?"

"It is rather dark and damp in them, Willie. You will have to be careful that you do not slip on the weed, or you might hurt yourselves. But what do you want to look for—little crabs?"

Willie lowered his voice as he answered. "Please, uncle, I want to look for the Ramjimjam."

"Eh!" Uncle Jack sat up and stared; "the Ramjimjam! Oh, yes, you can go and look for him, but you must take a pinch of salt."

"What-for?" questioned Willie.

"To put on his tail. You see, he might be hungry and want to eat you. But if you put a pinch of salt on his tail he will come after you just like a lamb; and when you have found him you can come and tell me, and I will come and bring him home for you."

"Come on! I have a nice game!" shouted Willie; and up jumped Milly and Dolly to hurry after him. Uncle Jack looked after them and smiled. They could not come to any harm and it would give him an hour's quiet.

"Where's we going to?" demanded Milly. And she looked rather scared when her brother replied, in solemn tones, that they were going to hunt for the Ramjimjam.

"Hunt for Wamdimyam," laughed Dollie.

"But 'spose he wants to eat us?" objected Milly.

"Thpose he wants to eat us," added Dollie, cheerfully, as though that were the nicest thing that could happen.

"He wont do that. All we have to do is to put a pinch of salt on his tail."

"Pinch of salt on his tail," from Dollie.

"And then he will follow us like a lamb."

"Swallow us yike a dear yickly lamb." And Dollie, having stated this, added, "Tum on, Milly."

If Baby Dollie was not frightened, of course Milly could not show her alarm. But for all that she did not like those gloomy caves, not even though Willie kept the salt, which he had begged from the man with the oyster stall, between his fingers, ready for use at a moment's notice. Dollie frequently stopped, declaring, with shrieks of delight, that she had found the "Wamdimyam," but it never was anything more than a poor little crab that she had managed to capture or frighten.

So they went from one cave to another; and still no Ramjimjam was to be seen; and Willie was beginning to think that it must have gone to some other place, after eating the children in the story that Uncle Jack had told them. He was just ready to give up, when Milly, who had been standing by his side, suddenly clutched his arm. What was that? Surely there was something moving up in the corner of that cave just where the shadows made it too dark to see. Yes; something big and black. It must be the awful Ramjimjam!

Whatever merits Willie believed to be in the salt, he certainly did not stop to try them. He just clutched Milly, and turned to look for Dollie. Alas, alas! where was dear little Dollie? She was not to be seen; could the Ramjimjam have caught her? A shriek, to Willie's terrified eyes, it seemed one of terrible fear. The Ramjimjam had poor Dollie then! He was only a little boy, he did not mean to be a coward; but he could not stand it any longer; and dragging Milly after him, he rushed from the cave, he caught a glimpse of him, too; a dreadful creature come pattering after him. And he caught a glimpse of him, too; a dread ful creature, all covered over with long, green and yellow hair.

To say that Uncle Jack was startled when two pale little mortals ran up to him, with their strange tale, would hardly explain his feelings. He could not understand what was the matter; but he saw that something had happened to scare them, and that Dollie was missing; and so, like a wise man, he did not stop to talk, but just hurried back with Willie as fast as he could; and there—what do you think he saw? The Ramjimjam, of course, picking Dollie's bones. Dear me, no! Nothing so dreadful. Only Neddy Whitehead, all covered with seaweed, where he had lain hidden in the cave, and little Dollie hanging on to his tail, and telling him to "Gee up!"

That was why she had screamed. She had seen what that moving thing was, and had yelled with delight at finding the donkey which she always rode. And Willie, he looked very foolish, until uncle told him not to mind, as it was quite enough to frighten any one.

"But I thought that you were old enough to know that the Ramjimjam is only make-belief, Willie," he added; and Dollie echoed, "Only make-belief."

And that is how the children found the terrible Ramjimjam.

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An Illiterate.

Jane—What did you ever reject John Gray for?

Kitty—He was so illiterate.

Jane—Illiterate? Why, I thought he was a man of superior education.

Kitty—Well, he wasn't. He didn't even know the rudiments, for when I told him "No," and thought sure he would read between the lines, would you believe it, the gump picked up his hat and went home.

Any One Would Know That.

"Those venders," said the elderly gentleman of quiet habits, "are so rude. I bought some potatoes of one of them, and when I complained that one potato was specked the fellow said: 'Ah, cut it out!' As if I would not have sense enough to have given such directions to the cook without his prompting!"

A Glorious Exit.

"Tubbs is something of a snob, isn't he?"

"Snob? Say, he'd die happy if he could get run over by a millionaire's automobile."

How It Was.

Hi Stackpole—I see that city feller ye took out huntin' yesterday got a few quails.

Josh Gunn—Aw, yes: A fool bird would occasionally fly into the shot.

MY FIRST INQUEST.

"If you please, sir, a policeman wishes to see you."

My housekeeper made the announcement with a certain amount of awe. She had passed the age when she, on her part, was at likely to inspire any constable with the awe that proceeds from youth and beauty.

It was a summons to attend as a juryman on an inquest

"Really, can't you get some one else?" I demurred. "I'm busy tomorrow."

The man smiled. He was afraid it was a peremptory matter. So many householders of the neighborhood were away for the holidays. The murder—he was indiscreet enough to call it that off-hand—had taken place not a stone's-throw from my door. The fact that I had never sat upon a jury made his eyes kindle.

"I must mark you down sir—this once!" he said, with a grim official smile.

And on this disagreeable understanding he hurried off to the next victim. I could only hope there would be little evidence, and that not of the conflicting kind, and that the inquest to open at eleven might be over by twelve.

But it was nothing so comfortable.

To begin with, the coroner annoyed me by nominating me as foreman. I knew the gentleman, and felt pretty sure he would do it. He made a few solemn remarks, and we went from the court across a yard into the borough mortuary.

It was a most distressing sight to a sensitive man.

The corpse, a woman, lay in a huge black coffin, like a packing-case, and several detached pieces of her were on plates on the marble slab used by the doctors for their examination.

The coroner's officer untied the poor woman's head, and showed us bruises and things. He even lifted the skull cap, which had been removed. Two or three of my colleagues were acquainted with the woman.

They said she had been ill-used to their certain knowledge; they were ready to swear she had lost a stone of flesh in the last week. She had had money left her, and her husband no doubt wanted the money more than he wanted her.

One or two of us were no sooner in the mortuary than we were out of it.

"It'll keep me awake all tonight," said one communicative little man—I recognized him as the purveyor of my milk.

As foreman I did my duty, and heard and saw everything. Also, I urged my colleagues not to waste time

Already, however, I saw no chance of the one o'clock luncheon at home.

We returned to the court, and found a muster of witnesses, lawyers, policemen, and others; also, a dismal, weeping man in a box behind the chief constable.

The coroner was very tedious. He talked to us as if he were a clergyman, even wagged his finger at me, which made me smile, which, in its turn, made him pause and look vexed.

But he knew me too well to dare to reprove me before my townsmen

Then came the witnesses

The first was a wonderfully glib little boy, without a particle of nervousness.

He swore to divers sad facts about the man in the box, who scowled at him all the time, now and then interpolating a fierce denial, and now and then weeping loudly.

On that boy's evidence it was all up with the man in the box.

I looked words to that effect at my neighbor. But he whispered to me serenely: "The lad's a born liar, sir; I've known him since he was a baby;" whereupon I desisted from the course of notes upon which I had entered.

The coroner wrote it all down, and then read it all over.

He was fearfully slow.

The next witness was the boy's father. He was more circumstantial even than his son. He testified to seeing the poor woman being dragged by the hair downstairs, to shrieks and petitions that she might be spared.

"He's the boy's father. They-re just a pair—they are!" my neighbor informed me.

The man in the box called this witness a liar, and when he was silenced called it a second time.

"I loved her too well to do it, sir," he explained, huskily, with a flood of tears.

Some women behind began to cry audibly. And it was already one o'clock.

A deaf and dumb witness who had seen things took up a great deal of time with an interpreter. She seemed clear-headed, however. Had seen the man in the box kiss the woman in the mortuary tenderly on the day of the misadventure. Didn't think he was drunk, either. But was sure the woman was.

It was two o'clock when she stood down.

Then the coroner began at us again. Nothing solemn this time, however.

We are at liberty to eat bread and cheese in his room for twenty minutes—that was all.

A foolish juryman wished to run home to his wife. The coroner smiled at me, and I smiled at him. Of course, even I knew that such a proceeding was most irregular .He was told so in three words, to save time.

It was new bread and very old cheese, with old ale to accompany. Some of us eat hard all the twenty minutes. A dreadful rumor spread that we had many hours yet before us in that nasty, stuffy court.

The coroner merely lifted his eyebrows over the bread and cheese when I asked him his opinion. He lifted them again when I suggested that he might expedite matters by writing short-hand or using one of Mr. Edison's time-saving machines.

"Don't be frivolous," he whispered, in a tender aside.

It was quite as much condescension as I could expect from him.

I noticed that the milkman's appetite was very good, considering his earlier shock.

Then the hideous business was resumed. The man in the box had red eyelids, a large crumb on his beard looked out of place—the policeman to the right surely ought to have seen to it.

We had five women in the witness-box one after the other. It was disheartening to learn, in reply to questions from a very rude, red-faced juryman, that they were all in the habit of drinking freely.

I saw what my colleague was at, and looked round at him with a nod of approval. The man in the box rose an inch or two, and semed almost respectable. He, too, nodded approval.

Six o'clock found us still with the witnesses. I could only hope devoutly that it might end that day. As matters were, I could see nothing very clearly.

"Half a dozen of one and half a dozen of t'other!" whispered my solon of a neighbor.

But how that was to help us to a verdict I could not understand.

At seven the first of the doctors stood up. There were three of them—one a very fidgety little person.

The man in the box parted his mouth now in ugly earnest.

I confess that I did the same, but it was only one yawn after many others.

And now, bless my soul! if these three worthy medical men did not successively all as good us declare that from the evidence of their examination they were of opinion that the deceased had tumbled downstairs, probably in a state of intoxication.

"She did, sir!" cried the man in the box, at his first grasp of this bright inference

"They both did, if you ask me, sir!" whispered my neighbor.

It was eight o'clock (after nine dreadful, sordid, conflicting hours) when the coroner turned to us in conclusion.

I'm afraid I didn't listen very profoundly to him and his text-book—he read from the latter, marking the words with his thumb. But I did gather that he would be glad to be relieved of the responsibility of exactly prescribing the verdict for us.

The gentlemen of the jury went gaping off to the bread-and-cheese room. We were locked in it, just as if it were likely we should want to pass the night there.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, as I sat on the table, "this is my first inquest, and I devoutly hope it will be my last. I suggest a verdict of "Death through misadventure and intoxication."

"It's too late to argify, but I'm for blank manslaughter, if it's the same to you, sir," said the milkman.

The odd thing was that this suggestion suited the others also. But, as the milkman said, argument at such an hour was impossible.

And so I fell in with the rest upon the comfortable knowledge that the real evidence would be very closely sifted in the criminal court to which we were about to consign our poor friend in the box.

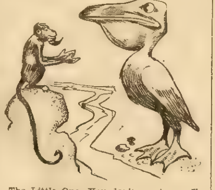
Thus ended my first inquest—a nine hours' matter. I am, on the whole, very pleased that the man got off easily when he came to be tried.

My friend, the coroner, said that I was wrong in not bringing the jury to a gentler verdict. Perhaps so. I was the victim of circumstances and ignorance

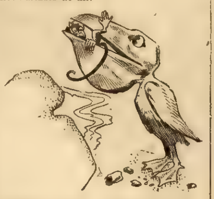
I meet that unfortunate woman's husband about once a month in the streets, and I confess I don't like his expression.

◆

He Was All Right.



The Little One—You don't want me. I'm not suitable at all!



The Big One—Yes, you just fill the bill.

◆

Proof Positive.

"I am sinking for the third time!" shrieked the woman in the water.

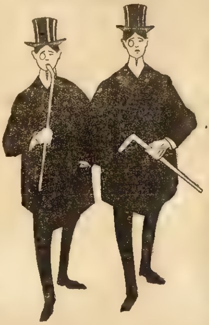
"Are you positive of this?" asked the youth, who was waiting to rescue her, illy concealing his anxiety the while.

"Oh, quite!" the woman protested. "For I am at this moment distinctly recalling everything in my past life. I remember the real color of my hair as if it were but yesterday that I——"

"Say no more!" cried the youth, plunging forthwith into the icy flood.

The spectators cheered wildly, for never in their lives had they seen the thing more gracefully done.

◆



"Do you believe that marriage is a failure?"

"Well, I know that courtship comes pretty near meaning bankruptcy."

◆

Cheerful Outlook.

A man wise in his day and generation says that one of the things which everybody demands and nobody really wishes is a candid opinion.

"I wish you'd come out to my house and see a Correggio that I bought in Italy last summer," said a collector of pictures and bric-a-brac, more noted for his zeal than his discernment, to a friend who was a connoisseur in the fine arts.

"It's a head, a perfect beauty—just a fragment of some great picture," he proceeded.

"I should like to see it," said the connoisseur, in his most cautious tone.

"I want your candid opinion of it, that's what I want," continued the collector; "I'd like to know exactly what you think of it. A man had the insolence to tell me the other day that he didn't believe it was an original! If another man says that, I'm afraid my temper will get the upper hand of me, and I shall knock him down where he stands. Now you come out just as soon as you can, and give me your perfectly unbiased opinion of it."

◆

Another Cry for Reform.

The kidnaper frowned.

"What's the matter?" asked the old pal whom he had not seen for years.

"I expected," the kidnaper answered, "to find $25,000 in the sack I had hung by the chimney of the deserted cabin, but all I got was a note saying the boy was only a stepson. Curses on the man who declines to be a father to his wife's other husband's children! We must move to have our divorce laws amended."

◆

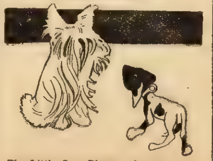
Had Them in His Head.

Professor (to Student of Surgery)—Please inform the class the names of bones forming the skull.

Student—Ah—er—I do not at the moment remember, but I know that I have them all in my head.

◆

Natural Inference.



The Little One—Please, sir, are you a poet?"

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BOYS and GIRLS CORNER

HELD FOR RANSOM

Or

The Kidnapers Conspiracy.

By WALTER A. SINCLAIR.

(Copyright, 1901.)

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CHAPTER IV.

A DISAPPEARANCE.

"Well, Miss Travis, you have something to report, I see. Have you got trace of our friend with the harsh voice?" asked Grey, drawing the girl into the shadow of the hotel.

"Yes, I've run him down," panted Madge.

"Good. Take your time, because you're all tired out from running."

"Let's move along in the direction I'll lead you while I tell you about it. We haven't a moment to lose," insisted Madge.

"All right. Proceed, and I'll take it all in," said the detective.

"Well, I kept on the alert all evening as you suggested, and although I noted every voice that called up Central I seemed doomed to disappointment. I was in despair when there came a call and no sooner did I hear it than I knew it was the man who had called up Mr. Randall this morning."

"You're sure?"

"Certain. I gave him the number he called for and then I cut into the wire and listened. A woman's voice said 'Hello.' The man said, 'Is that you, Isobelle?'

"'Yes. What word?' asked the woman.

"'Money talks,' answered the man. 'Correct,' said Isabelle."

"Some password," replied Madge.

"Well, the woman continued, 'Is this Steve?'—

"'Yes, how are things going?' the man asked.

"'Fine,' said Isabelle. 'Old man Randall is harnessing a horse to his light road-wagon, and he's put a red light in it.'

"'Good,' said the man. 'Has he the money?'

"'Yes. His private secretary carried it into the house this afternoon,' Isabelle reported."

"She must have Randall under constant espionage," said Grey.

"She has; listen and I'll tell you. The man called Steve asked her if she were all ready to light out at midnight and she said she was. Then he asked if she had noticed the police around. She said that none had been around all day. Steve said that that looked queer, and Isabelle admitted it did. Finally she said, 'We'll know all about it in an hour,' and rang off.

"While they were talking I had been looking over the telephone book to find where they were located. Steve was in a drug store a block from the telephone exchange and the woman Isabelle was in the residence of a man named Parker who lives directly across the street from Randall's."

"Ah! then that's how she's able to keep watch on the house," exclaimed Jeff.

"No sooner had they finished than I seized my hat and jacket, and leaving the switchboard in charge of my sister I hurried toward the drug store where Steve was. He was buying a cigar when I entered and I recognized his voice at once as he was answering the clerk's observation as to the change of the weather. Steve is a——"

"Short, tow-headed man, with the third finger of his right hand missing," finished Grey.

"Why! How did you know? Have you ever seen him?" asked Madge.

"No. Merely a deduction. Am I right?"

"You are. I noticed the finger was missing when he picked up the cigar. He's a smooth-faced, evil-looking man, too. He went right out, and after asking for an article I knew they didn't have, I followed him. He walked along a few blocks and then went into that saloon there and I ran for you."

As she finished the girl pointed to a low groggery nearby.

"Good girl," said the detective. "You have done splendidly and when we get Nat out of mischief it will be owing principally to your efforts."

Madge flushed with pleasure at this praise.

"Just wait here a moment, I'll be right back," continued Grey.

Leaving her, he plunged into the mouth of a dark alleyway nearby. Several minutes elapsed and during the detective's absence she kept a sharp watch on the saloon door. Suddenly she heard at her elbow a low growl of:

"Say!"

Madge turned like a flash. Standing beside her was a beetle-browed, bewhiskered ruffian, who, with hat pulled low and coat collar upturned, lurched leering toward her.

"Say I'm stuck on you, my little peacherine,' chuckled the tough.

The girl recoiled a step—not so much from fear as to avoid his grasp. She was a girl of pluck and spirit, as the night was to reveal.

"You coward!" she cried. "Don't you dare touch me."

"Why, ain't you been waitin' fur me?" said the ruffian, as with a quick reach he gripped her by the wrist.

"Unhand me, you brute, or I shall cry for help," said Madge, in a low, tense voice.

"What if y' do? Dere's no one around to hear," hissed the thug.

"There's a man within call that could dispose of two such as you," cried the girl.

"Thanks for your good opinion, Miss Travis," came the voice of Jefferson Grey from the lips of the supposed tough.

"Why, Mr. Grey! I should have never known you in that disguise," said Madge, surprised.

"If it deceived you it ought to fool anyone else," said the detective. "And now if you'll do a little more. I'd rather trust you than any one else. Go to police headquarters, show this card to the chief and he'll know you're from me. Tell him to send a detective with a horse and wagon to the alley in the rear of that saloon, as I intend to take Mr. Steve away as quietly as possible. You understand?"

"Yes, but can I do anything more?" asked Madge.

Grey thought a moment.

"I don't like to put you in the least danger——" he hesitated.

"Who's afraid? Did I act frightened at your ruffian?"

"Not a bit. You're a plucky girl. Suppose you go to this Parker's house and try to get some information as to the mysterious Isabelle."

"I'll do it."

"Act carefully—she's keen."

"Trust me."

"I do."

Madge hurried away on her errand. The detective gave her time enough to reach headquarters and then entered the groggery. It was a low-ceiled place, dirty and filled with smoke and fumes of bad liquor. A couple of men were drinking at the bar, behind which stood a villainous-looking barkeep. None of those present corresponded to the description of Steve. In the rear of the saloon were a number of private wine rooms. Jeff's trained eye took in all these details in a single glance as he slouched in to the end of the bar and motioned the bartender with a slight inclination of his head. That worthy coming to him and giving ear, he whispered:

"Is Steve in?"

"Steve Melcher?"

"O' course—who'd ye t'ink I was talking about? Is he?"

"Sure."

"Well, I got to see him," said Grey.

"What fur?"

"None o' yer biz. I goes?"

"Not till I see whether he cares to see yer," insisted the barkeep.

At this juncture a number of fresh customers entered the place and lined up at the bar.

"'Tend to your customers and tell me where Steve is. Which wine room?" asked Grey, seizing on this opportune arrival.

"Last one on the right," answered the other, turning to serve his guests.

Jeff sauntered back to the wine rooms. There were four of them, two on each side of a hallway leading to the rear door. Arriving at the last one on the right he turned the knob and staggered in as though drunk.

Alone at the table sat a man who was undoubtedly the sender of the telephone message. He got up with a start as Jeff lurched through the doorway and fell sprawling into a chair.

"Here! What 're you doing here?" cried Melcher in a harsh, peculiar voice. "Get out!"

The detective, with his face lying on the table, grunted incoherently.

Steve grasped him roughly by the shoulder and lifted him to his feet and attempted to steer him toward the door. Jeff put one arm around Melcher's shoulder as if to support himself, and simulating a stumble he fell against him, roughly grasping with his other hand the silk muffler the man wore around his neck.

"Curse you, I don't believe you're drunk," grated Steve. "You're——"

"Right!" finished Grey, as with a deft movement he slipped the muffler into the fellow's mouth and knotted it.

With a snarl of rage Melcher snatched at the gag with one hand while the other slid toward his revolver pocket. The detective seized both wrists and the two began a furious tussle around the room. Steve was short but heavy-set in the shoulders and powerfully muscled. Grey was much more slender, but his muscles were like steel wires.

The two struggled back and forth across the small room, knocking over table and chairs. The wall of the room was fixed to deaden sound and hence no noise was heard by the boisterous carousers in the front.

Finally, getting both of Steve's arms behind him, Jeff gave them a twist that brought the fellow to his knees.

Putting his knees to the fellow's back, Grey forced him prostrate on his face and with a quick movement slipped on the bracelets. With a stout cord he secured Steve's legs together and then rolled him over. The man glared at Jeff with an unquenchable hate burning in his eyes.

"Well, Steve Melcher, you'll be among those present at the reception to the Randall abductors," said Grey, pleasantly. Then to himself he added: "It's about time for that wagon to be here. Guess I'd better step into the alley and see."

Leaving his prisoner on the floor firmly bound hand and foot, he opened the rear door softly and slipped out into the alley. As he did so a wagon came noiselessly along to the place and stopped.

"Hello," he called, softly.

"Hello, who is that?" asked the driver, in guarded tones.

"Jefferson Grey."

"O. K. What shall I do?" asked the plain-clothes man.

"Follow me," aid Jeff. "I have a prisoner here I wish to sneak out."

With the man at his heels he quietly re-entered the rear entrance and opened the door of the wine room. Stepping in he gave a soft exclamation of astonishment.

Steve Melcher had disappeared!

CHAPTER V.

A PLUCKY GIRL.

After Madge Travis left Jefferson Grey she hastened to the police headquarters and delivered the message entrusted to her. That done she directed her steps toward the part of town where Elbridge Randall lived. As she hurried along a young man came toward her, stopped and lifted his hat.

"Why, Henry, how are you? I haven't seen you for so long," said Madge, as she recognized in him an old acquaintance, none other than the long-limbed livery stable clerk.

"Well, you never notice anybody since young Randall's been goin' with you," said Henry, shifting uneasily.

"Now, Henry! You know I never intend to slight old friends," protested Madge.

"I know. Say, Madge, come down to the

(Continued on page fourteen.)

WHAT IS OVARITIS?

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation.

On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money, and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symptoms. Her experience in treating female ills is greater than any other living person. Following is a letter from a woman who is thankful for avoiding a terrible operation.

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"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound having been recommended to me, I decided to try it. After using several bottles I found that I was cured. My entire system was toned up, and I suffered no more with my ovaries."—MRS. ANNA ASTON, Troy, Mo.

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THE TREASURE LOGS.

"If I could find it, I'd leave this place and go to New York," said Bert. "I'd like to go into business on Wall street, and make more money than anybody in the United States. It would be fun to walk up Broadway and have folks nudge each other and say: 'There goes Albert Farnum; he could buy up the entire legislature if he chose!' "

"I'd have a steam yacht," said Len Williams, "and a private railroad car, and a big hunting preserve out west, and I'd build the finest house in Jonesboro, and have horses and carriages that would make folks' eyes stick out. But there's no use wishing. Every fellow in Jonesboro, for the last sixty years, has wanted to find the Tedesco, and has dug and hunted to find out where it was wrecked, but nobody has ever discovered a trace of it. I think the old hulk went down at sea instead of on the coast, or we should have found something of her bones before now."

"My uncle says that it went ashore somewhere on this part of the coast, and that Jim Tracy, who used to work for him, saw it blown along the shore in the great September gale," said Bert.

"Jim Tracy was always seeing more things than other folks did," observed Len, skeptically.

"But they did find lots of wreckage that September all along the shore," urged Bert.

"Fishing schooners, mostly, with one or two boats bound for Hatteras and Cuba. There wasn't a thing that folks were really sure belonged to the Tedesco. I'd like mighty well to find the wreck, but I guess I'll not spend much time digging up the sandhills."

The two boys were out on the sand-dunes at the back of the village engaged in picking the beach plums from which the housewives of Jonesboro made a delicious preserve. Like most of the Jonesboro young people, their time belonged to their own families, but beyond a certain quantity of the berries, what they gathered could be sold for the benefit of their own purses. They had worked all the morning and the afternoon would now be their own. Picking the sparse beach plums, however, was not a speedy means of acquiring a fortune, and as they sat down on one of the dunes with their dinner pails, their talk turned, naturally, to the wreck of the Spanish brig, the Tedesco, in a September gale many years ago. In the intervening time tradition had been busy. Just what was the cargo of the lost vessel was never accurately ascertained; but the very word "Spanish" was suggestive of "ingots," "doubloons" and "treasure."

So, as the shifting sands of the dunes about Jonesboro heaped themselves about the bits of driftwood cast up on the shore, the grains of romance had piled about the wrecks of the old Tedesco, till it was a firm belief among the boys of the village that somewhere within a radius of ten miles, untold wealth lay hidden, waiting only for the spade of the lucky finder. There had been born of late years a company organized for the purpose of carrying on the quest systematically; but though many dollars were sunk in the enterprise, nothing ever came of it.

"Old Aunt Polly Chew always said I should find it," said Bert, "because I was born on Sunday, and

"The child that is born on the Sabbath day,
Is happy and lucky and wise and gay."

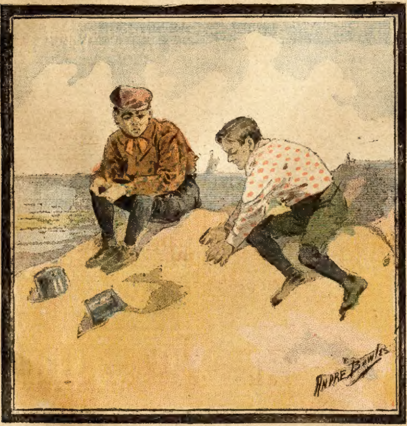
"My mother says there's no such thing as luck," answered Len, "but my father says there is. He thinks that just so many opportunities come to each of us, only some fellows know them instantly for what they are and grab them; while others don't see till it's too late."

"You bet I'd know my chance if I found the Tedesco," said Bert, with emphasis.

Aunt Polly had insisted so often upon the fact of his heritage of "luck" that the boy had come to believe in it himself, at least to a considerable extent.

"Maybe it's underneath us now," suggested Len, thrusting his fingers into the sand, loosely bound to its place by the coarse beach grass.

The mound upon which they were sitting had, indeed, something of the form of a vessel, and was the only elevation of any extent within reach of the eye.



"Maybe it's underneath us now."

* * *

With November came the great gale that was to become one of the most terrible traditions of the New England coast. Bits of wreckage strewed the beach for miles about Jonesboro, and as soon as the storm had in some degree abated, the boys from the village were on the shore looking for any possible thing of value. Bert Farnum was not among them. When he returned home that day it was after dark, and he was evidently full of repressed excitement. His father came into the house a little later.

"I've found it!" burst out Bert. "The Tedesco! It's away off among the dunes. None of the fellows thought of looking anywhere but on the shore. Let's go there now, father!"

But the wind was still high, and Mr. Farnum, who was one of the crew at the life-saving station, had been on the beach all day, and was not eager to leave the warm kitchen for a wildgoose chase.

"The Tedesco is on your brain," he said, scoffingly, preparing to draw off his boots, but Bert was not so ready to relinquish the thought of his great discovery.

"Do go with the boy, Abner," said Aunt Polly. "I always said he was the lucky one of the family."

"Let's hear about it," said Mr. Rarnum, good naturedly.

"I thought maybe the gale had uncovered the wreck, if there was anything about," the boy began in a tsembling voice. "It came into my head, all at once, that the mound where Len Williams and I were the other night might really be the treasure-ship. The sand had shifted about so that once or twice I lost my way on the dunes, and it was not easy to face the wind. It was dark when I got there. True as you live, there was the Tedesco, high and dry in the sand!"

"Just what happened to the old British frigate, the Somerset," cried Aunt Polly. "Folks knew it was cast away somewhere on the coast after the revolution, but nobody could find it. Then they didn't make haste to get away with it before another storm, and lo, and behold, it was buried again and nobody has ever set eyes on it since!"

"Did you go aboard the Tedesco?" asked Mr. Farnum, with growing interest

"It was getting dark; I could not have seen," replied Bert, loath to confess that the thought of the traditional ghosts left to guard the treasure of the buccaneers had impelled him to instant flight after his discovery.

Mr. Farnum was too sensible a man to accept fully the wild stories current regarding the wreck of the Spaniard; village tradition, however, had not been without its influence upon him. But to be jeered at by every man and boy in Jonesboro for going on a "fool's errand," was a contingency to which he would not readily expose himself.

"Do go with the boy, Abner," said Aunt Polly again; "I've always said that 'twernt for nothing he was born on the Sabbath day!"

"Well, well, as both of you have got your heart set on it, I may as well give in," returned Mr. Farnum, stanmping his feet into his boots again.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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Held for Ransom.

(Continued.)

river at the foot of Tenth street in an hour and I'll take you ice-boating. The ice is dandy thick."

"I may; but I'm in an awful hurry now. Good evening." And the girl hurried on toward her destination.

Arriving in that vicinity, she scrutinized the houses opposite Randall's residence. In the Parker house all was either darkness or the curtains were drawn to give that effect, but Madge did not doubt that in one of the windows was stationed the mysterious woman, Isabelle, who had kept watch on the millionaire's actions.

The girl had her plan of campaign all mapped out and ran up the steps of the house immediately adjoining the Parker place, separated from it by a small lawn. A woman came to the door in answer to her knock and asked what was wanted.

"I would like to see Mrs. Parker," said Madge.

"Mrs. Parker? This ain't Parker's place, they're next door," exclaimed the woman, who appeared to be a talkative person. "But you wont find her—she's gone south for the winter. So's everybody else, except Isabelle Dreux," she continued.

"Isabelle Dreux?" commented the girl; "is she any relation to the Parkers?"

"No; she's Mrs. Parker's French maid.. They left her in charge of the house while they are away."

"What kind of a person is she—well known?"

"No; she's been there three months now and nobody seems to have got acquainted with her. Dear knows I've spoken to her, not two weeks ago, but she said something in French. I suppose it meant she didn't understand English, and didn't seem to care about it, so I dropped her."

"And she's there all alone?"

"No; well, yes, she is, too. You see, a man comes around to take care of the horses three times a day, but he don't go into the house."

"Thank you. Good evening," said Madge.

On leaving, she hastened around to the alley, blessing the gossipy neighbor for the information so innocently given.

"I'll just take a look at this Isabelle Dreux's stable and then I'll interview her," was the girls' thought.

She hesitated a moment at the entrance of the dark alley, then with a delicious little shiver plunged into it. In a few moments she was back of the Parker place. She slipped in through the rear gate into the yard. She could hear horses stamping and snorting in the stable and softly stepping over there she opened the door and entered.

It took nerve to do so, for there might have been confederates of the kidnapers concealed there. But Madge was a girl of pluck and took all chances. She listened for a moment after her entrance, but there was no sound save that made by the horses. Then she commenced groping forward. Reaching forward she felt along it and her hand touched a warm tin object. Her sense of feeling told that it was a bull's eye lantern and seizing it she turned the slide, shooting a bar of light across the barn.

In the middle of the stable, in a quickly accessible place stood a tall, black horse. He was bridled and a side-saddle rested on his back. In a stall was the mate of the saddle horse, an exact counterpart.

"I suppose this is the swiftest one of the two, saddled for my lady, Isabelle," mused the girl.

"I'll just make a few changes that wont be noticed but may be helpful to us."

Deftly she changed the two horses' places and changed the side-saddle from the one to the other. Finding a man's saddle she placed it on the horse she had decided was the fastest.

To the side-saddle she found strapped a holster containing a small revolver. She appropriated the latter and secreted it in the folds of her dress.

"Now for Isabelle Dreux," she whispered, as turning off the light, she sallied forth toward the rear door of the house. She felt that with her weapon she could keep the woman from giving the alarm to the other abductors.

Softly tiptoeing to the door she turned the knob and the door swung inward.

"All unlocked for hasty flight," was her speculation as she cautiously stepped into the darkened room and shut the door behind her. The most dangerous part of her mission was at hand and it would not have been strange had she faltered, but Madge Travis had more than the ordinary amount of courage and she pressed forward.

She had to move carefully for the slightest noise would give the alarm. In the middle room was a screened lamp which dimly illuminated the closely curtained apartment. As she entered Madge heard light footsteps coming toward her.

Hastily looking around for a place of concealment the girl espied a portiere and made haste to hide behind it. She was hardly out of sight before Isabelle Dreux entered and stood where the light fell on her face.

The woman was over medium height and apparently about thirty years of age. She was handsome in appearance and carried herself fearlessly.

She passed through to the rear and then returned. Madge feared that her hiding place would be discovered, but the woman passed into the front room, muttering:

"I thought I heard some one. Bah! I must be nervous!"

"Ah, then that French is just a pretense," commented Madge to herself as she edged over to a window and, drawing the curtain, peered out.

The big clocks were chiming out the hour of ten and as she looked out a light buggy drove out of Elbridge Randall's yard—a buggy with a red lantern on the dashboard. The millionaire had started out to ransom his son.

Ten minutes after the sound of his horse's hoofs had died away a wagon came rattling up and stopped in the alley back of Randall's mansion. Two figures got down from the seat and lifted a long, dark object out of the wagon. They carried it into the yard and around to the side of the house. Mounting the veranda, one of the men opened one of the French windows and the twain entered with their burden.

As they did so the light from within fell on them for an instant. There was a smothered exclamation and the sound of something dropping in the front room and Madge scurried to the protection of the portiere.

Isabelle staggered into the room, tightly clutching her hands together.

"What shall I do?" she muttered, brokenly. "I must—I must go there and see."

Running to the hall tree she seized and adjusted a wrap and hat. Madge heard the front door open and close and she cautiously entered the darkened front parlors.

It was devoid of any occupant save herself.

On the floor lay a night glass while a powerful pair of field glasses rested on the table.

The girl picked up the night glasses and holding them to her eyes she pushed aside the curtains and peered out.

Isabelle Dreux was hastily crossing the street and boldly entering the yard of Randall's house. Madge saw her stealthily approach the French windows of the library and drawing one back a trifle, look in.

Through the night glasses the girl could see Isabelle's face illumined by the light from the room. There was a look of intense hate depicted there. Suddenly the woman pulled the window farther open and then—

Crack!

The sharp report of a revolver was wafted to the girl's ears on the still night air.

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Poor Fellow.

Hobson—Are you having a happy century?

Jobson—Say! Twenty-six bill collectors came into my office yesterday.

No Barrier.

"I shouldn't think you would care to be engaged to such an elderly man."

"Why not? It doesn't interfere with my other engagements."

An Altered Scene.

(Continued from third page.)

ways ready to do anything that might be required.

"I think it is time that two members of this company were sent about their business," she remarked one evening to Mason, as he was escorting her home as usual. "Neither Mr. Dawson nor Miss Graves ought to be allowed to remain; the fact is, they are trying to oust us both! I have believed that of Dawson for a long time, and now he and this girl are too friendly, and are working together."

It was a spiteful speech, and, to tell the truth, Miss Adair was half ashamed of it as soon as it was uttered. But she had been particularly irritated that evening.

"Confound him!" said Mason, "I half believe that he worked those notices for her and left us in the background."

The vehemence of his tone startled her—scared her, almost. And when she had left him she began to think very seriously. She had to admit that her remark had been almost on a level with his in point of speech.

Maggie Adair felt that the fates were working for Dawson and Miss Graves when on the following evening, the leading actor did not put in an appearance, and the young stage manager, as understudy, took his place.

Dawson threw his whole soul into the part, and the interview between Miss Adair and himself, where she called him a traitor, and he indignantly protested, brought down the house. At the end of that act he was called before the curtain, a special honor that had not been accorded to Mason. His soliloquy after the girl's retirement from the scene, in which he spoke of his love for her, was voted grand.

In the next act the dialogue between the two sisters took place; it was enacted as it had never been before, and never was afterward. Had the author been in the house and heard the young sister's impassioned speech, he would have been as surprised as were Miss Adair and the rest of the company.

The elder sister completely lost her cues; she did nt recognize the lines, and no wonder; Florence spoke as her heart dictated; the part came natural to her, it was all so much like the drama that had been played in private for months. She spoke of the worthiness of the "traitor," and of the unworthiness of his friend; she pointed out that the one loved her with all the strength of his being, loved her truly and honorably, while the other cared nothing for her in reality and would only marry her because he could make money out of her ability.

Then she went on with a passionate declaration—which was foreign to the part—that she had set herself deliberately to make love to the "traitor" in the most open manner in an attempt to bring her elder sister to her senses.

"I love him," she concluded in a low tone that could be heard only by a few of the audience. "But I know that he loves you, and I have done this unwomanly thing, I have sacrificed my self-respect, my whole self, to make him happy. I believe you are good at heart; I know that he could be happy only with you. I feel that if you are awakened to this fact, you cannot but love him. Will you wreck his life and your own?"

By this time it had dawned upon both Dawson and the lessee that there was something wrong, and they dropped the curtain. As it fell, Florence Graves sank to the floor in a swoon.

Luckily that was her last appearance for the evening. In the final scene, where the elder sister acknowledges her error and asks forgiveness of the "traitor" there was another piece of good acting, and the audience went away highly delighted with the play.

Arthur Dawson escorted the leading lady to her home that night. The next day there were two items of news for them; Mason had died suddenly in a fit, the cause of which was a clot of blood on the brain, due to hard drinking, and Miss Graves was suffering from a severe attack of brain fever.

Florence was ill for a long time and never returned to the boards; she has a good typewriting business, with a staff of lady clerks, from which she derives a comfortable income.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dawson are still acting the parts of leading actor and actress at the Pearl theater; they occasionally perform elsewhere, but they are warm favorites with the patrons of the old house, and cling to it.

Dawson is now partner in the business, and it is quite on the cards that when Mr. Dunn retires from the stage of life, he will leave all his property to the son of his old friend.

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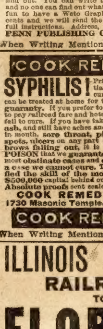

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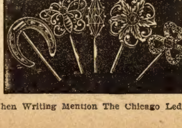

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The Treasure Logs.

(Continued.)

The two, man and boy, set out across the dunes, Mr. Farnum with a lantern. There was no danger of their being seen, for all the village people were assembled on the beach. There, high and dry upon the sand, they found the old brig, in the unmistakable outlines of the early part of the century. It would have been hard to say which was the more excited, father or son, as after a brief pause and a smothered exclamation they clambered upon the deck of the Spaniard. They made their way, with careful steps, into the hold.

* * *

An hour later Bert and his father were trudging home.

"Guess I wouldn't say much about the Tedesco, if I were you, Bert," said Mr. Farnum, as they reached the door of their house. "Well, it's about what I told you, Polly," he answered, with a laugh that was not wholly one of enjoyment. "It was the old wreck, sure enough. The sand has done considerable shifting since she went ashore and nobody has ever thought of looking for her two miles inland. Wasn't much treasure aboard, was there, Bert? Her cargo is logs—mahogany and such like—from Brazil, likely, and not a stick but what is worm-eaten from end to end! Guess you would have done better if you could have contrived to be born on Monday or a Tuesday, Bert," chuckled Mr. Farnum.

"It's the first time I ever knew it to fail," murmured Aunt Polly, who had been sitting up in eager expectation of the treasure-seekers' return.

When, in the course of the following day, the news of the discovery of the wreck of the Tedesco was passed through the village, everybody was out on the dunes to look at the old Spaniard. Loudest among the scoffers at those that had expected to find "ingots" and "doubloons," was Bert Farnum. The excitement soon died out and the dunes were as deserted as usual, after the beach plum season had passed.

* * *

Len Williams was unusually busy that winter. He had fitted up a little workshop at one end of the woodshed, and here he spent most of his time, engaged in some mysterious occupation. As spring advanced he made several visits to the city, from which he returned in a thoughtful mood. Even his friend, Bert Farnum, had not been able to draw from him any hint of his doings.

It was not till the summer cottages began to fill again that the mystery was explained. Bert had piloted a party of the visitors to the part of the dunes where lay the old Tedesco. The sand was again piling over the worthless hulk, but every stick of the cargo was gone.

"Who could have taken it—what was the stuff good for?" said Bert, afterwards.

"Good for enough to take me to Boston and pay my expenses through the Institute of Technology," answered Len, triumphantly. "The old worm-eaten logs, that's all. It struck me that they might be used like the Irish bogwood for furniture, and that sort of thing. I carried the logs home after dark, till I had them all. The worms had done the business neatly. Father says it was a kind called the teredos, which the brig had shipped in the tropics. They made the jolliest sort of fret work, and the mahogany took a splendid polish. I took specimens of the wood, after I'd worked it up, to a furniture place in Boston and they agreed to take all I could furnish. I was only afraid somebody would get ahead of me with the idea before I had made off with the logs. What are you looking so glum about, old fellow? It wasn't your chance, that's all."

"No, it wasn' my luck," repeated Sunday's child, with a long face.

◆

"What kind of a man is Dooges?"

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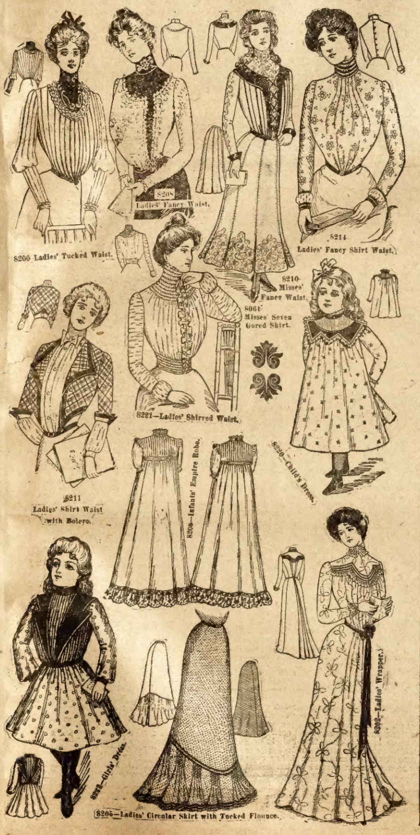
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PROMISE TO THE KING.

Two rival kings were fighting in Spain for the chief throne of that country, that of Castile and Leon. Of course, each believed himself to be the rightful sovereign, and called the other a rebel and a traitor. Brave knights were arrayed on each side, and many fierce battles were fought. Finally King John overthrew his rival, and took possession of the country.

But there was one strong town that for a long time defied him, though he besieged it with all his might, so that no one could come out or go in. The place was commanded by a knight named Aguilar, who had been entrusted with its defence by King Alfonso, with orders never to surrender the keys of the city except to himself. Day after day the siege went on, till weeks and months had passed, and still the brave knight held out and never thought of yielding.

One day in the hot summer time, when the streams were dry and the land was parched with drought, King John, all dressed in his brightest armor, and followed by some of his knights, rode up to the gateway and requested a parley. The commandant looked down from the walls that he had defended so well.

"You have done enough for honor," said the king, "and it is foolish to waste more lives. Open the gates of the city to my army, and you shall have all the privileges you ask for."

"Doubtless you are familiar with the history of our country," answered the stern old knight, "and you must know that no one of my race was ever known to surrender."

"I shall draw the leaguer more closely about you, and your army will perish from starvation," said King John.

"It is not so easy to starve an eagle as you think," was the brave reply.

"We shall press the siege and put all your men to the sword," said the king.

"We can die but once, O king!" said Aguilar, as he closed the bars of his helmet and turned away.

So the siege went on for a few more wearisome weeks. Then another morning came when, as the banners flapped lazily in the early sunbeams and the topmost towers reflected their glory, King John rode up again and sounded a trumpet as a signal for parley. Once more the old knight appeared on the walls and looked down at the king.

"Yield," cried King John. "My rival Alfonso is dead, and there is no further need of fighting."

"Sire," answered Aguilar, with a trembling voice, "I believe you tell me the truth, but before I give you the keys, I must see my dead master."

"His body lies in the cathedral at Seville, and you are free to visit him. I give you my word that you shall not be molested."

The good knight and a dozen half-starved warriors rode out, with banners flying, through the hosts of the enemy, who greeted him with cheers as they recognized the doughty cavalier that had so long defied them. Straight to Seville he and his knights rode, to the cathedral where the body of King Alfonso lay in state in his open coffin. Gazing upon his dead master, while the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks, he spoke thus sorrowfully:

"My king, I swore that these keys with which you entrusted me should be surrendered only to you. I now deliver them to you. I have kept my promise."

With these words he placed the keys of the city upon the breast of the dead king, and remounting his steed, galloped back to Ojeda.

"Well, are you satisfied, Aquilar?" asked King John. "And will you now surrender?"

"Certainly; I have no wish to continue the contest."

"And where are the keys of the city?"

"Sire, I have delivered them to my master, King Alfonso, and of him you will have to receive them. I bid your majesty farewell, for we shall meet no more."

"By my faith, Aguilar, it shall not be so. I make you governor of Ojeda, and you shall hold it in my name."

Some of his knights murmured and complained at his rewarding a rebel in this manner, but the king answered:

"He is no rebel, but a true man, and I believe he will serve me as well as he did King Alfonso."

And this is the way the Knight Aguilar kept his promise to his king.

Strange Spiders.

The wolf spider spins no web, but stalks its prey—hence its name. It takes the precaution to spin a thread before leaping after anything, so that in event of falling short it will have a way of retreat. It is about the fiercest of the spiders, though far from the biggest, or most venomous, and in captivity will stalk its own image when crawling over a mirror, and fall into a fury at finding itself balked.

Water spiders lash together with their best silk rafts of dead leaves, upon which they float in pursuit of water insects. But the rafts do not compare with their nests, which are egg-shaped, lined with the finest waterproof web, and buyoed with clusters of tiny air bubbles, which the mother spider takes down by diving upon her back, with the bubble entangled in her legs.

All spiders begin nest building very young. At 7 weeks old trap-door spiders make little nests the size of a penny, and, of course, something haphazard and awry. No young spider, in fact, builds a workman-like nest, although the creatures have from two to eight eyes each. The youngsters appear to use their spinnerets in play, much as children build doll houses. Spider webs once had a great vogue as medicine. They were held specific for consumption, and certain fevers, as well as the best syptics. They have still that last use.' Even spurting arterial blood may be checked if not wholly stanched by a generous handful of cobwebs held hard against the wound.

Spiders are wonderfully weatherwise. They will neither build new nests nor repair breaks in old ones in face of a storm. They have, moreover, a certain prescience which foretells weather changes. Wherefore, if you see a half destroyed web, with no spider body making haste to build it over, though the sun may shine and winds caress, be certain falling weather is not twelve hours away.

The Finest Toy Ship.

Probably the most magnificent toy ship ever built has just been finished in the model room at Cramp's yard, Philadelphia. It is a perfect model of the record-breaking Russian cruiser, Variag, and aside from the fact that it is a correct reproduction in the most minute detail, it is really as much of a work of art as the great cruiser itself.

The model was made directly from the working drawings from which the cruiser was built, the scale maintained being 1-16 of an inch for every foot. Every detail has been carefully reproduced, the toy cruiser apparently only lacking a midget crew to be ready to go into action. The hull is perfectly fashioned, the great knife-like bow and beautifully covered stern being even more apparent when viewed in the model than in the big ship.

Model boats, four inches long, each equipped in regulation style, occupy the miniature davits, and every gun is perfectly represented by a carefully wrought steel miniature, which has every working fixture of breech and elevation gear. Other "cannon" with bodies as long as a thumb nail are in the bows of the two steam launch models that lie snugly in their chocks under the gear of the big hoisting cranes.

Bulwarks are reproduced in polished steel wire and even the hatch gratings are true to life, being of wood latticed in the regular fashion. In the fighting tops are baby guns that are exactly like the full grown, spiteful articles that grin over the Variag's top shields. The rigging is reproduced to the smallest brace and halliard from mast or stack and each line is stayed or clewed, according to maritime precedent.

It cost a sum running well into the thousands to build this magnificent model, and ere the Variag steams away it will be presented to the officers, who in turn will probably send it as a fitting present to the czar.

Polly Spelled.

Polly's cage, when at the seaside, hung upon a piazza where the little children were in the habit of studying aloud, writes a contributor to Our Dumb Friends. The bird, apparently listening, would make an effort to repeat what she could catch. Then suddenly she would burst out with: "I'll spell f-l-y r-a-t" (with strong emphasis on the r), continuing with a low chuckle of satisfaction, and ending in a hearty and long-continued laugh at her success, the little ones joining in the chorus. She was very fond of the children.

In the early morning, when her cage was opened to give her liberty, she would walk about for a time, climb the stairs to the children's room, and crawl into their beds before time for rising. Coffee was almost absolutely necessary to her existence. She would call early and steadily for it in the morning, adjusting her tones according to the length of time spent in waiting—ordering, begging, beseeching, as the case might be, holding her cup meanwhile to hasten matters.

A very retiring, modest servant maid had been long in our employ. She had a follower named Thomas, who nightly paid his visit. It chanced one morning that Polly's coffee had been long delayed. A gentleman of the house coming to the breakfast met the girl and made an inquiry regarding the meal. She turned to reply, facing the questioner, when Polly, seeing her opportunity for revenge, took it; and in a man's voice called out: "Mary, how's Thomas?" The woman retreated in confusion, while Polly laughed an ugly, low laugh; but the coffee was forthcoming.